

AUGUST

No. 15

10¢

CRACK COMICS

THE CLOCK
IN ANOTHER
SMASHING
ADVENTURE





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE BLACK CONDOR

By LOUIS K. FINE

AN EVIL, SMOKE-FILLED WATER FRONT DIVE, HARD-FACED MEN AND SPEAK IN WHISPERS, A COARSE GATH MUTTERED, THIS IS THE SETTING FOR A TREACHEROUS SCHEME WHICH CHALLENGES THE BLACK CONDOR IN MIAMI.

SEATED AT A TABLE, JASPER CROW, GENIUS OF CROOKED BUSINESS, NOW PLOTS THE DOWNFALL OF A GREAT STEAMSHIP LINE.

YOU WANT MONEY DON'T YOU, DAKIN?? ALRIGHT... THIS WAY I'LL MAKE AN HONEST DOLLAR AND YOU'LL BE RICH!!

HONEST, HAH! HAH! WELL, ANYWAY, GUESS I'LL DO IT FOR YOU, CROW!!

FINE! I THOUGHT YOU'D APPRECIATE A REAL PROPOSITION.



VICTIMS IN MIAMI ARE HENRY FOSTER, HER FATHER, AND SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, HENRY'S FIANCÉ. WHO IS REALLY THE BLACK CONDOR. ONLY HENRY'S FATHER KNOWS OF THE MURDERATION OF THE MURDERED SENATOR...

TOM, I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THE GRIND OF WORK FOR AWHILE?

AND HOW, HENRY? SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON AHEAD OF US?

AS HENRY STARTS, TOM BOLTS TOWARD A STREET SCUFFLE...

TWO THUGS PUMMEL A YOUNG SEA CAPTAIN. A LARGE CAR STANDS AT THE CURB.

TAKE THAT, YA BIG APE!

IT'S NOT MY FIGHT, BUT TWO AGAINST ONE ISN'T EVEN GOOD ARITHMETIC!

GROGGILY, THE TWO WOODLUM STICKERS SLINK TO THE PARKED CAR WHICH ROARS OFF.

TOM AIDS THE VICTIM.

HMM... MY OLD FRIEND JASPAR CROW WAS IN THAT CAR?

WITH HENRY'S SNAKEBITE SUPPORT, THE CAPTAIN AS THEY HAVE A TALK.

SORRY I HAD TO LEAVE YOU SO ABRUPTLY, HENRY!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, TOM. I'LL DROP OFF AT HOME. YOU GO ON WITH THE CAPTAIN, DEAR!

YOUNG CAPTAIN JIM REAGAN TELLS HIS STORY.

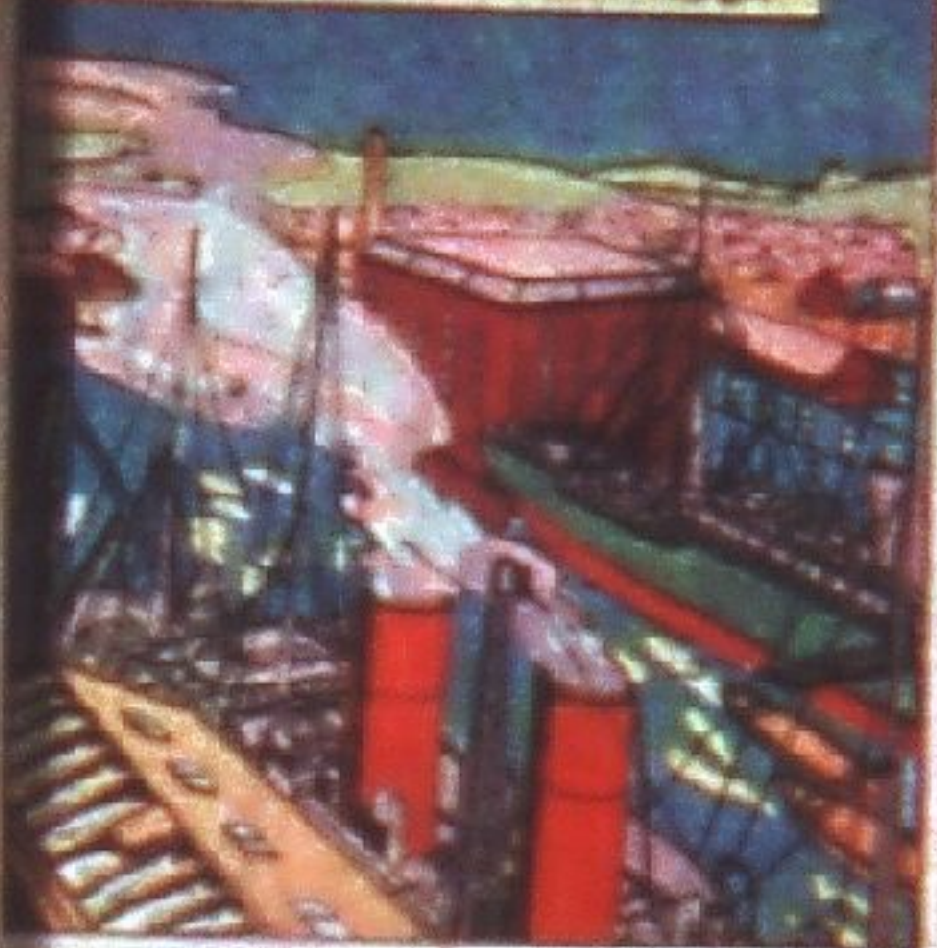
AND EVER SINCE CROW BOUGHT THE TWIN SEAS LINE, MY FATHER'S LINE HAS HAD TROUBLE. HE'S HIS BIGGEST COMPETITOR...

I SEE... AND I KNOW HE'LL STOP AT NOTHING!

AND HATRED IS WRITTEN IN THE FEATURES OF THE PLOTTER CROW.

THAT HEDDLING TOM WRIGHT AGAIN! I'LL MAKE HIS FINISH A HORRIBLE ONE!!

NIGHT FALLS ON MIAMI HARBOR



HARSHED MEN SLINK
TOWARD THE MIDWAY
ON A BEAGY SHIP
THE NORTH STAR.



THERE! NOW TIE
THE CHUMP UP...
HE MIGHT COME
TO AN START
SQUAWK!

GYON...
WE'LL SEE
WHO'S
BELOW!



SOON THERE IS LUSHED ACTIVITY
AS HARSHED MEN STOW A STRANGE
CARGO ABOARD THE SHIP.



NEXT MORNING CAPTAIN REAGAN TELLS TOM
NIGHT ABOUT THE NIGHT ATTACK ON THE
NORTH STAR.

YES... THEY SLUGGED
OUR WATCHMAN AND
KIVE OF THE CREW.
AND HE MUST SAIL IN
AN HOUR!

WORST IS, WE
STILL MUST PROVE
THAT CROW
IS
BEHIND
IT!



AS NIGHT WATCHES THE
DEPARTING FREIGHTER

I'VE A FEELING THAT THE
REAGAN COMPANY CAN'T
COME WITH THAT RAT
UNLESS...



HOURS LATER, NEWS HEADLINES
ILLUMINATE THE SENATOR'S ATTENTION.

YES! CROW'S DIRTY
WORK, BUNG TRUE TO
FORM!!

MIAMI HERALD
HAVANA OFFICIALS
SEIZE FREIGHTER
NORTH STAR.
CONTRABAND
ABOARD.



AND SHEDDING THE SHADE OF THE WILD
SENATOR TOM NIGHT NOW
BECOMES THE BLACK
CONDOR



EVEN A
CAT HAS ONLY
NINE LIVES AND
I'LL TURN JASPER
CROW'S HUNTER
UP YET!!

A BRIGHT YELLOW MOON
HANGS AGAINST THE
MAN-BIRD AS HE WINGS
OFF TOWARD HAVANA.



RAREST CREATURE OF THE AIR, THE CONDOR
SOON HOVERS OVER THE
HAVANA MILITARY PRISON.



THE ANCIENT PRISON WALLS
MAKE AN EERIE BACKGROUND
FOR THE NOCTURNAL VISITOR.



I'M THE BLACK
CONDOR. WHAT
ARE THEY
GOING TO
DO WITH
YOU?

FIRING SQUAD!
THEY CLAIM ARMS
ON MY BOAT WERE FOR
REVOLUTIONISTS. THAT
CROWD DID
IT!



THE CONDOR WHIPS
OUT HIS DREADED
BLACK RAY PISTOL.

DON'T WORRY,
PAT! NOW
STAND TO ONE
SIDE!!



THERE GO
THE BARS. NOW
OUT YOU
COME, PAT!!



I KNOW I'M
DREAMING. BUT
THIS IS BETTER
THAN THE FIRING
SQUAD!

THE FLYING MAN SETS OUT
DOWN ATOP A ROCKY SUMMIT
IN THE FLORIDA KEYS...

WAIT, PAT... THAT LIGHTED
SHACK STRANGELY
AROUSSES MY CURIOSITY.



WITH CAUTIOUS APPROACH THE
CONDOR NEARS THE ANCIENT STRUCTURE

THIS HAS ALL THE
EARMARKS OF A HIDE-
OUT OF SOME
SORT!



HIS SUSPICIONS ARE WELL FOUNDED.
INSIDE IS A SNEAKY CROWD AND A
VILLANOUS SOLDIER GROUP.

WELL, WE'RE
RID OF REAGAN'S
COMPETITION.
THEY'LL
PROBABLY
SHOOT
HIM!

THEN SENOR CROW,
YOU WILL TAKE
OUR OFFER?



IT'S PRETTY
DANGEROUS
BUSINESS,
MIRANDA...
BUT WHAT'S
YOUR
DEAL?

LISTEN! YOUR
SHIPS WILL NEVER
BE SUSPECTED.
SENOR... AND
MY GOVERNMENT
WILL GIVE YOU
A FORTUNE!!



THE CONVERSATION SENDS THE BLACK
CONDOR WHISING BACK TO PAT
REAGAN...



OHON,
PAT!!
WE'VE GOT
TO WORK
FAST!!

THE BLACK BAY PISTOL EXPLODES
THE PLOTTERS' LAUNCH IN A
SHEET OF FLAME.

NOW THEY HON'T REACH THE
MAINLAND
TILL THE
AUTHORITIES
ARRIVE!!



NEXT DAY IN A MIAMI RESTAURANT, EXCITEDLY
PAT HAS CALLED SENATOR TOM WRIGHT...

HONEST SENATOR THAT CONDOR
CHAP JUST MELTED THOSE BARS
AND FLEW
ME HERE
IN HIS
ARMS!

GLAD
HE'S ON
OUR SIDE.
LOOK OUT
THERE!



IN THE NEARBY HARBOR A COAST
GUARD AMERICAN HAS LANDED.
FROM IT SEVERAL MEN GO BY
LAUNCH TO A WHARF.

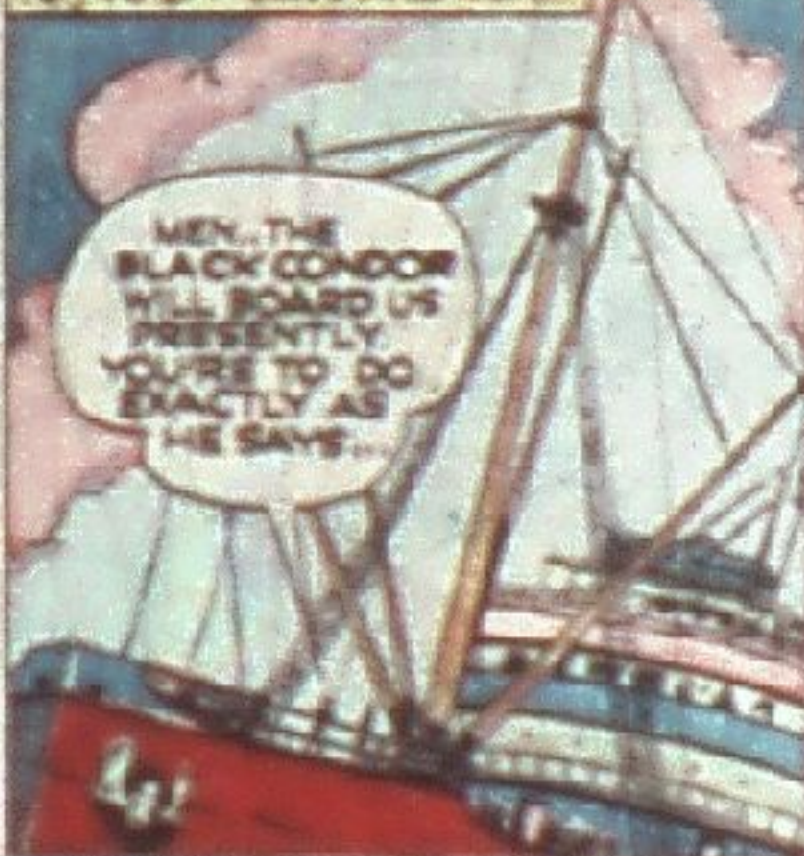


PAT AND TOM WRIGHT ARE PRESENT AS THE COAST GUARD LAUNCH DOCKS

SENATOR IT'S CROW AND THE GANG FROM THE ISLAND. THE COAST GUARD HEARD THE CONDOR BLOW UP THEIR BOAT!



THAT NIGHT ABOARD A PEASANT BOAT THE GULF GULL CAPT REAGAN SPEAKS TO HIS OFFICERS AND MEN



MEN, THE BLACK CONDOR WILL BOARD US PRESENTLY. YOU'RE TO DO EXACTLY AS HE SAYS...

THEN OUT OF THE DARK BAY AND ONTO THE DECK COMES THE CONDOR WITH A LIMP COAST GUARD OFFICER UNDER ONE ARM.



ALL SET, CAPTAIN REAGAN?

ALL SET, BLACK CONDOR. FULL SPEED AHEAD, MEN!

WHEN AT SEA THE GULF GULL OVERTAKES A JASPAR CROW TWIN SEAS FREIGHTER



CAREFUL NOW, MEN. WE'RE GOING TO BOARD HER!

PAT REAGAN BARKS OUT...

STAND TO, TWIN SEAS! WE'RE COMING ABOARD!



THEN TO THE COAST GUARD OFFICER

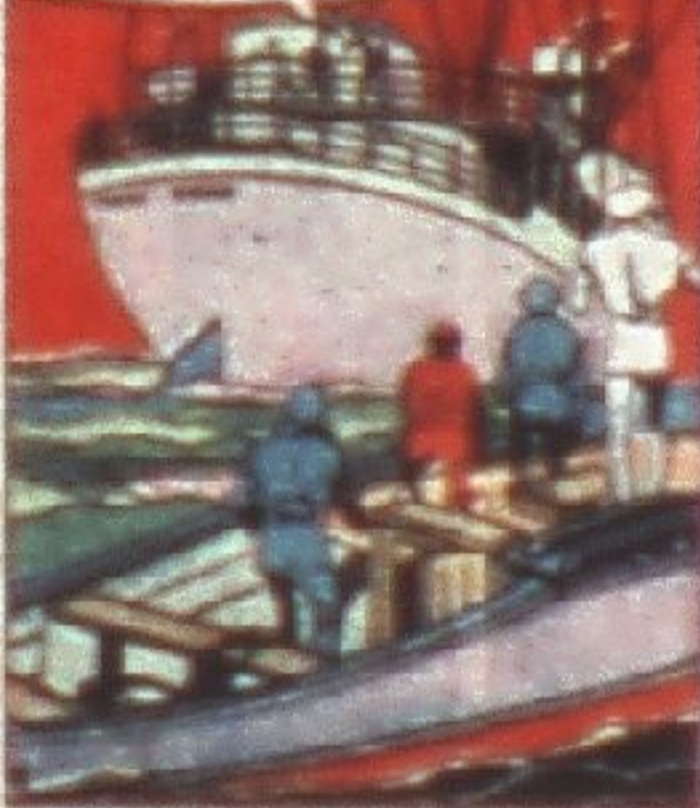
I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO ACCOMPANY US, SIR!

YOU'RE CRAZY, REAGAN. THIS IS PIRACY!



SOON AFTER...

STOP WHERE YOU ARE, REAGAN. OR I'LL FIRE ON YOU!



BUT LIKE A DIVE BOMBER THE BLACK CONDOR WHISTLES DOWN TO THE TWIN SEAS DECK







ABOVE THE DESTROYER CIRCLES THE CONDOR HIS RAY GUN POISED



I'LL FIX THEIR BIG GUNS

SUDDENLY A SIGNAL IS BEING LOADED THERE'S A BLACK FLASH... AND THE BARRIL BEGINS TO MELT



WHAT IS IT?

WONDER HOW HIGH THAT TUB WOULD BLOW IF I AIMED FOR THEIR POWDER ROOM... IT'S AN IDEA!!



THEN A THUNDEROUS BLAST IS FOLLOWED BY MANY MORE FLAMES LEAP SKYWARD. THE DESTROYER IS TORN APART AMONGSHIPS. SLOWLY THE SECTIONS SETTLE



WOW! NO MAN-MADE TORPEDOES OR SHELLS COULD DO A JOB LIKE THAT!



THE TWIN SEAS IS CLOSE ENOUGH TO PICK UP ANY SURVIVORS!

NEXT DAY IN THE FOSTER HOME

A REBEL DESTROYER SUNK ADVISING SHIPING LINE EXPOSED JASPAZ CROW AND NO-GOOD VIRANDA RESCUED AND CAPTURED ALL BECAUSE OF THE CONDOR



HOW ROMANTIC

YES WENDY, HE'S MARVELOUS. SOMETIMES I LIKE TO DREAM THAT I'M HE DOING GALLANT SMASHING THINGS GREAT STUFF!



YOU DO SMASHING THINGS NAHA! TOM WRIGHT YOU COULDN'T HURT A FLY

Molly the Model

1974... 1975



MOLLY THE MODEL



TOR THE MAGIC MASTER



RIPPING HER BOTTOM OUT ON THE SHARP ROCKS THE "LADY LUCK" GOES DOWN!



WITH A FEW SIMPLE TRICKS OF DISGUISE, JIM SLADE, ROYAL PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER BECOMES TOR, THE MAGICIAN. WHEN HE IS ON AN ASSIGNMENT—AND THE DOUBLE LIFE HE LEADS FOR THE BENEFIT OF HUMANITY IS A SECRET TO ALL THE WORLD.

AT PRESENT SLADE IS WITH THE BARCOCK EXPEDITION AS ITS PHOTOGRAPHER. WHILE THEY SEARCH THE SOUTH PACIFIC FOR SUITABLE AIR BASES.

A TERRIFIC GALE DISMISTS THEIR SCHOONER AND BLOWS IT AGAINST THE REEFS!

SAVING ONLY A WATERPROOF BAG, SLADE HANGS ONTO A SPIKE WITH TWO OTHER SURVIVORS—BARCOCK AND HIS DAUGHTER, HOPE!

IF HE CAN HANG ON FOR A FEW MORE MINUTES WE'LL REACH SHORE!



HUGE BREAKERS TOSS THE TRIO UPON A SANDY BEACH!

AT LEAST I HAVE MY CAMERA AND MAGNIFYING GLASSES!



I THINK THIS IS THE ISLAND OF TOKELAU—FAR OUT OF THE USUAL LANES OF TRAVEL. IT BELONGS TO THE UNITED STATES!



WHEN THE STORM CLEARS THE THREE SURVIVORS OF THE WRECK LOOK ABOUT THEIR NEW SURROUNDINGS.

LOOK - IN THE DISTANCE, A CASTLE!



YOU PEOPLE GO ON AHEAD. I'LL TAKE SOME PICTURES - THIS BEACH WOULD MAKE A SWELL LANDING FIELD!



IN THE CASTLE

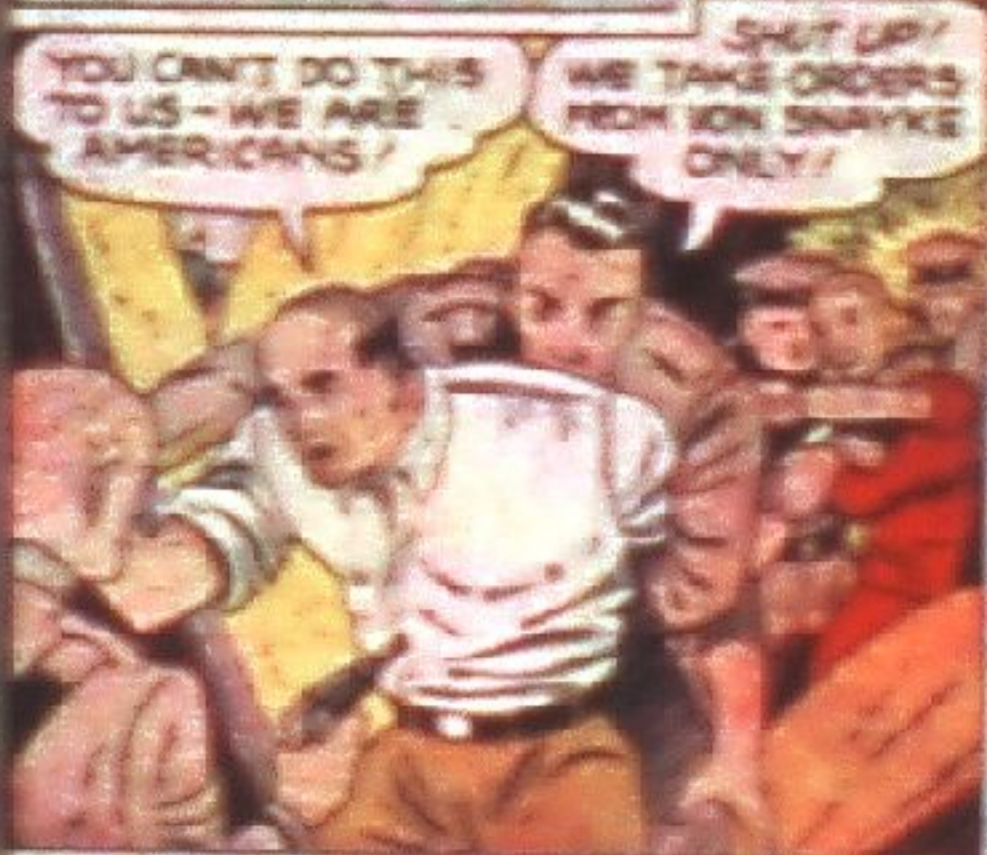
TWO PEOPLE - MAN AND WOMAN APPROACH. SEIZE THEM AND PUT THEM IN THE TOWER!



BARCOCK AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE QUICKLY SEIZED AND IMPRISONED.

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US - WE ARE AMERICANS!

SHUT UP! WE TAKE ORDERS FROM SON SNAYKE ONLY!



LUCKY I SAW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE - IT'S TIME FOR ME TO BECOME TOR!



AS TOR I SHALL PIT MY MAGIC AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL APPARENTLY LOOSE ON THIS ISLAND!



WHEN NIGHT FALLS TOR APPROACHES THE CASTLE!

SEOH, EMOCEB NOITCUB SPUC!



CHANGING HIS SHOES TO SUCTION CUPS TOR WALKS UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING!



SILENTLY THE MAGIC MASTER SEARCHES THROUGHOUT THE CASTLE

MAYBE MY TWO FRIENDS ARE IN THE TOWER!



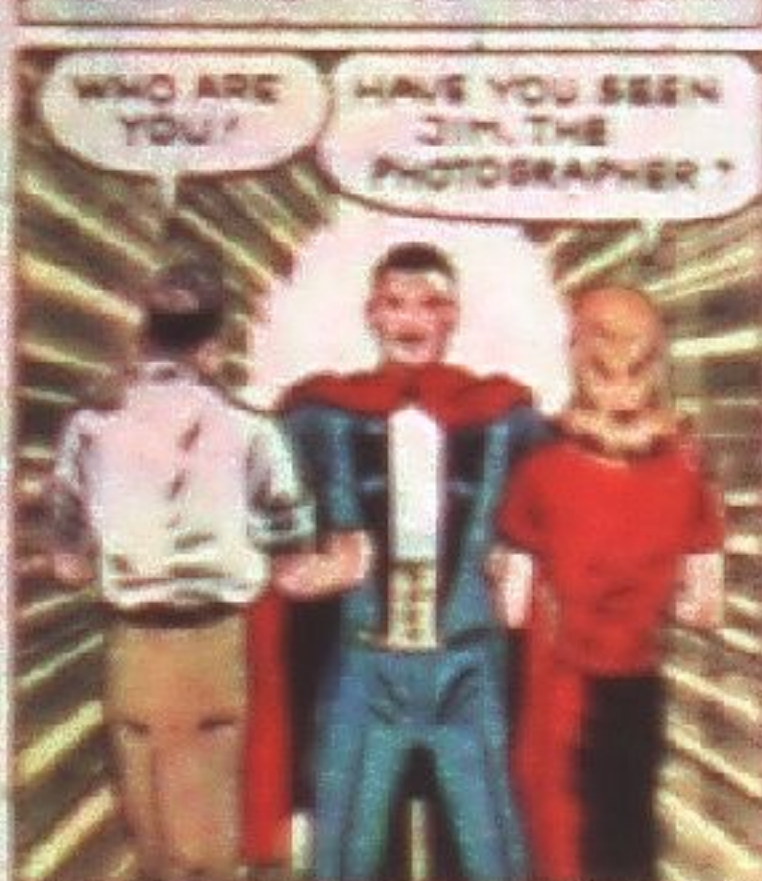
TOR FINALLY LOCATES BARCOCK AND HIS DAUGHTER



SH-SH-DON'T BE ALARMED!

WHO?

BEFORE THEIR ASTONISHED EYES TOR APPEARS INSIDE THEIR CELL!



WHO ARE YOU?

HAVE YOU SEEN JIM, THE PHOTOGRAPHER?

I'M TOR, THE MAGICIAN- AND YOUR FRIEND SLADE IS SAFE. HE TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED. NOW DO AS I SAY AND WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE!



WHEN THEY SHOW COMPLETE TRUST IN HIM, THE MAGICIAN GESTURES.



KOCBAB DAN EPOR, UDY ERR WON OHT EOM!

AS THE MAGIC MASTER COMMANDS, THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER BECOME TWO WHITE MICE WHO CRAWL UNDER THE DOOR.



NOW WE'RE OUT OF THE CELL- CLIMB ON MY SHOULDER!

I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND AND SEE WHO THIS VON SHAYKE IS!



CAUTIOUSLY STEALING PAST GUARDS AND BENTRIES-



TOR COMES UPON A BANQUET HALL WHERE A PARTY IS GOING FULL BLAST!



COME ON, FRITZ, GET ANOTHER BARREL OF BEER!

HERE'S TO OUR LEADER AND TO THE DAY WHEN OUR FLAG SHALL WAVE OVER THIS ISLAND! AS FOR THOSE PRISONERS IN THE TOWER-FEED 'EM TO THE SHARKS!



SEARCHING FURTHER THE MAGICIAN
FINDS GUN EMPLACEMENTS AND AMPLIFICATION

IT WILL BE TOO BAD
FOR VON SHAYKE WHEN
UNCLE SAM FINDS OUT
ABOUT THIS!



I'LL TAKE
A COUPLE PICTURES
ANYWAY. THIS
CAMERA WORKS
SWELL IN THE
MOONLIGHT!



NOW IF I CAN FIND
THEIR RADIO BROAD-
CASTING SYSTEM!



AH- THEIR
BROADCASTING
EQUIPMENT!



OIDAR, TSACDAORB OT
EHT DETINU SETRTS
TEELF!



AT TOR'S GESTURE THE
FORT RADIO BROADCASTS
TO THE U.S. PACIFIC FLEET!



FAR OUT IN THE OCEAN AN AMERICAN
BATTLESHIP IS MANEUVERING!



THE RADIO
OPERATOR SUB-
SINKY RECEIVES
TOR'S MESSAGE!



WHAT
TH--!

A MESSAGE
FROM TOKELAU
SAYS THE
ISLAND IS IN
THE HANDS OF
FOREIGN
AGENTS!

WE'LL
TAKE
CARE OF
THAT -
**FULL
STEM
AHEAD!**



BACK ON THE ISLAND TOR WITH HIS TWO LITTLE NICE, LEAVES THE CASTLE AS THE FIRST STREAKS OF DAWN APPEAR!

ON THE SANDY SHORE THE MAGICIAN PUTS THE NICE DOWN AND HIDING BEHIND A TREE BEST LIES!

AND BABDOCK AND HIS DAUGHTER IMMEDIATELY RESUME THEIR NORMAL SHIRTS!



WON'T BE LONG BEFORE A WARSHIP WILL COME!



ECIM, EMOCEB KCOCBAB DNA EPOH!



SAY - HOW DID WE GET OUT OF THAT CASTLE?

THE MAGICIAN WHERE'D HE GOT?

BEHIND THE TREE TOR BROOKES JIM BLADE

OH JIM I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

IF IT WASN'T FOR TOR - LOOK HERE COMES AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP!

A LANDING PARTY OF MARINES SOON HAS THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!



WE FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH YOU, VON SNAYKE! UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU!

POSE FOR YOUR PICTURE, SERGEANT? IT'LL BE IN THE "DAILY PRESS"!

SURE, BUDDY - SHOOT!

ABOARD THE BATTLESHIP JIM AND HIS RESCUED FRIENDS SAIL FOR THE U.S.A.

WELL, I GOT PICTURES OF EVERYBODY BUT TOR!

TOR IS A REMARKABLE MAGICIAN INDEED! BUT IT ALSO AMAZES ME HOW YOU GOT THOSE FORT PHOTOS WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT!

BACK IN HIS NEWSPAPER OFFICE BLADE HANDS IN HIS PHOTOGRAPHS

HERE YOU ARE, BOSS - ALL ABOUT THE TOKELAU INCIDENT - AND THAT ISLAND WILL MAKE A SWELL AIR-BASE!

GOOD WORK, JIM!



THE RED TORPEDO

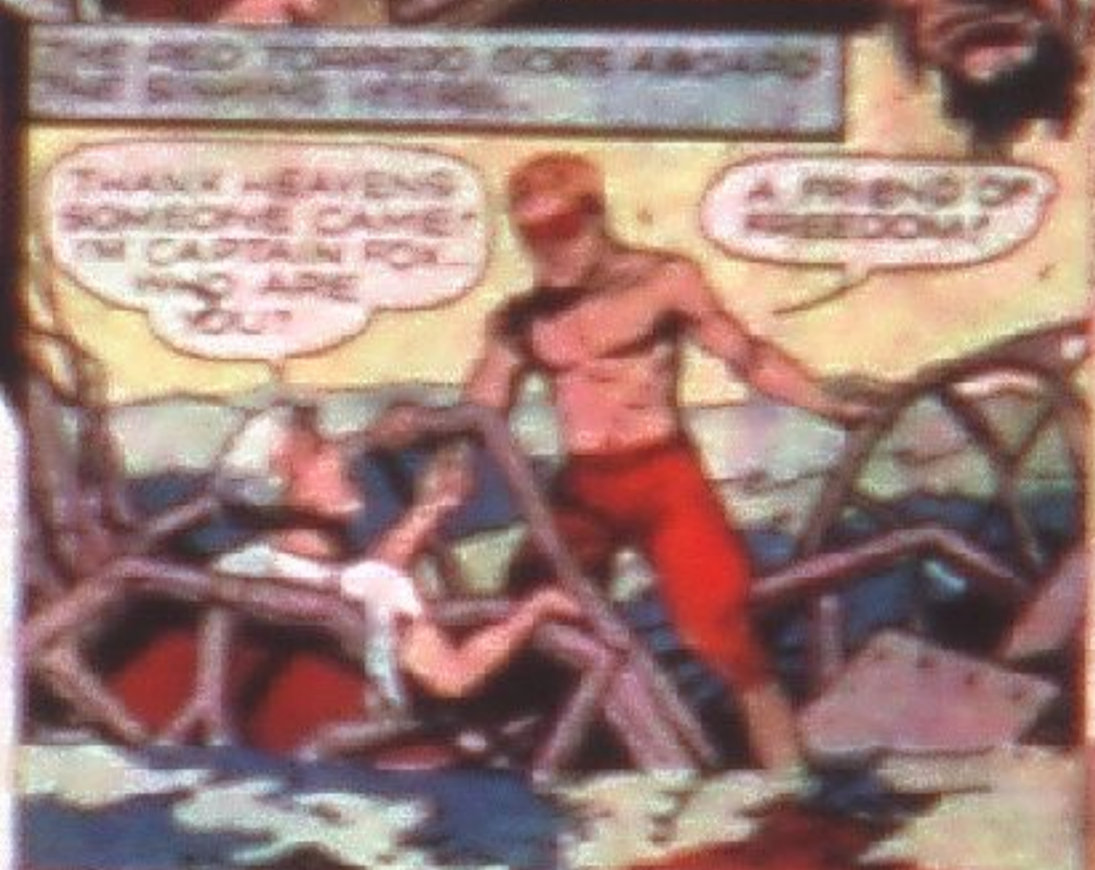
FORMER CAPTAIN IN THE U.S. NAVY, THE RED TORPEDO HAS PERFECTED A NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, THE MOST FORMIDABLE WEAPON ON LAND OR SEA. BASHED AND MYSTERIOUS, HE ROAMS THE WORLD, AIDING SHUTTLED DEMOCRACIES.

NOW HE IS IN THE FAR EAST WHERE HIS ENEMY, THE BLACK SHARK, LEADS THE FIGHT AGAINST FREEDOM.

BY
DREW
ALLEN



WHEN A DERELICT AND SOMEONE ALIVE IS ON BOARD!



THANK HEAVENS SOMEONE CAME! I'M CAPTAIN FOX WHO ARE YOU?

A FRIEND OF FREEDOM?



THEN TAKE THESE DISPATCHES TO WAKE ISLAND. A BAR LIKE PLANE SHELLS MY SHIP. SPURS MUST HAVE KNOWN I CARRIED VALUABLE PAPERS!



LOOK! THE BAT OF PLANET



G-SET. THE DISPATCHES I'VE THROUGH.

DEAD FOOL FELLOW! I'LL CARRY ON FOR WHAT



ABOUT THE TIME THE RED-TANNED
SWIMMER FROM THE BURN IN A
SMALL LAGOON



AND NOW
WHERE
AM I?

SEARCH THE
ISLAND. IF HE
AINT DROWNED
HE'S BOUND TO
LAND HERE!



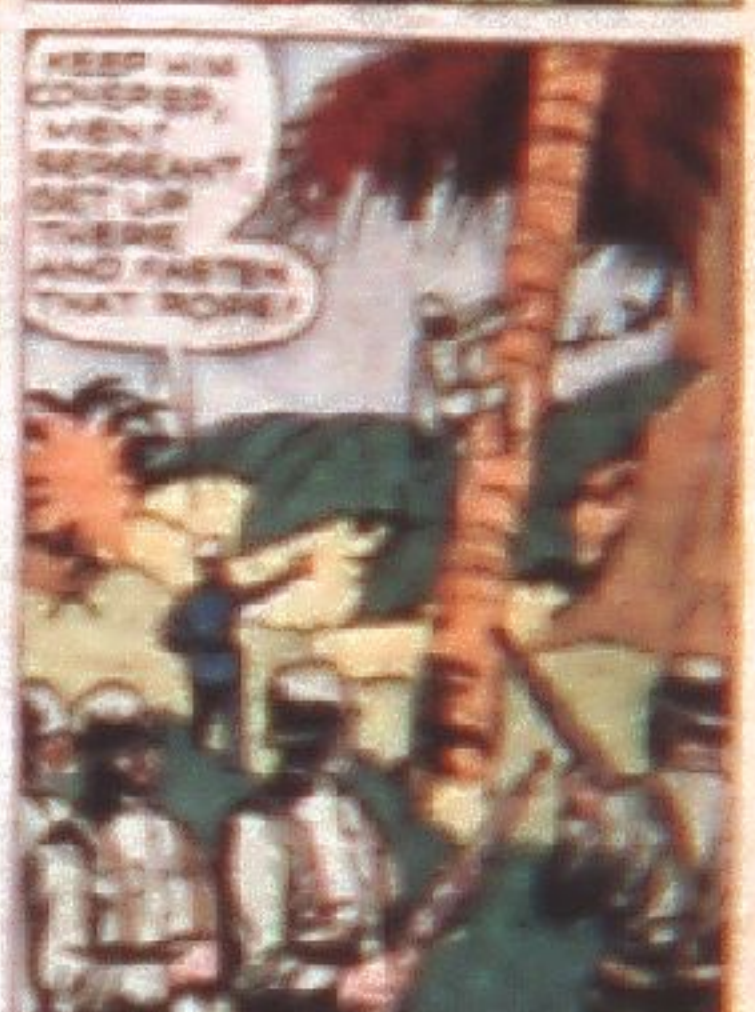
IT'S
NO
HABER
LOOK
AROUND



THERE HE IS,
MEN!
SURROUND
THAT TREE!



DON'T SHOOT
HIM... I WANT
HIM INTACT!
GET A ROPE,
SERGEANT!



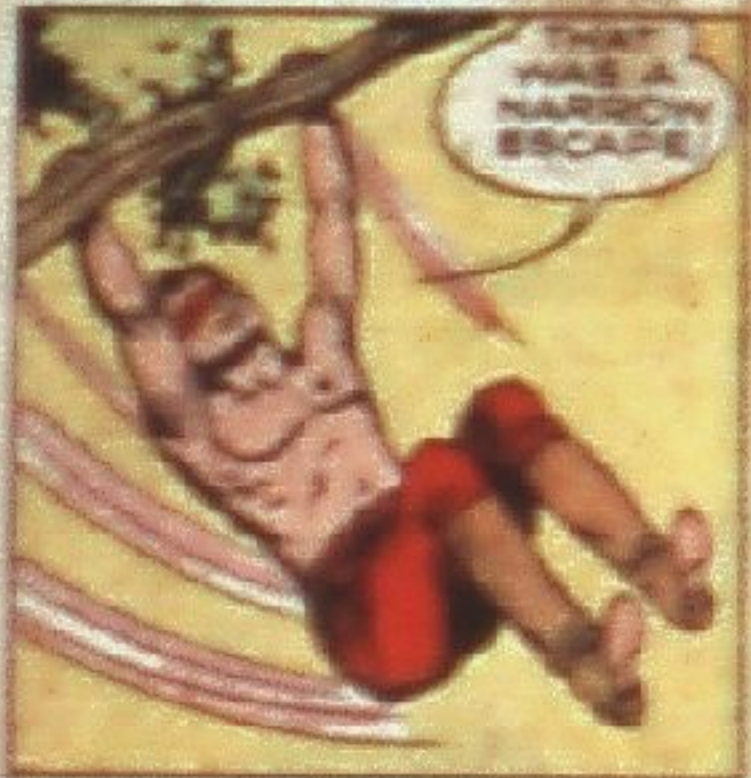
KEEP HIM
COVERED,
MEN!
SERGEANT
GET UP
THERE
AND FASTEN
THAT ROPE!

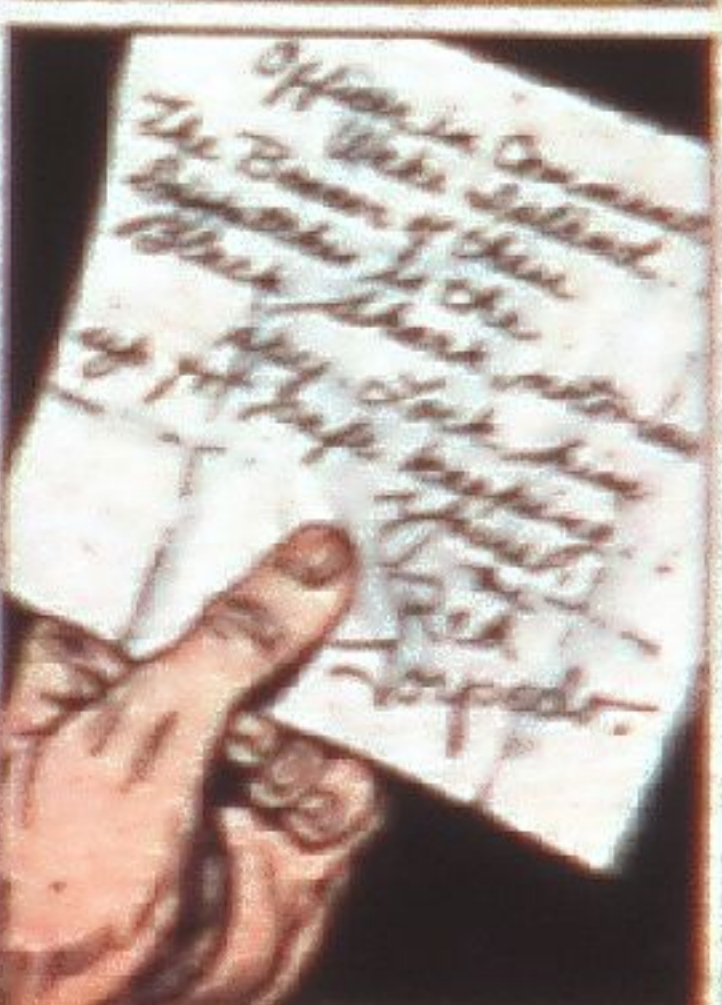


NOW
RED, YOU'RE
COMING DOWN!
RUN,
MEN!

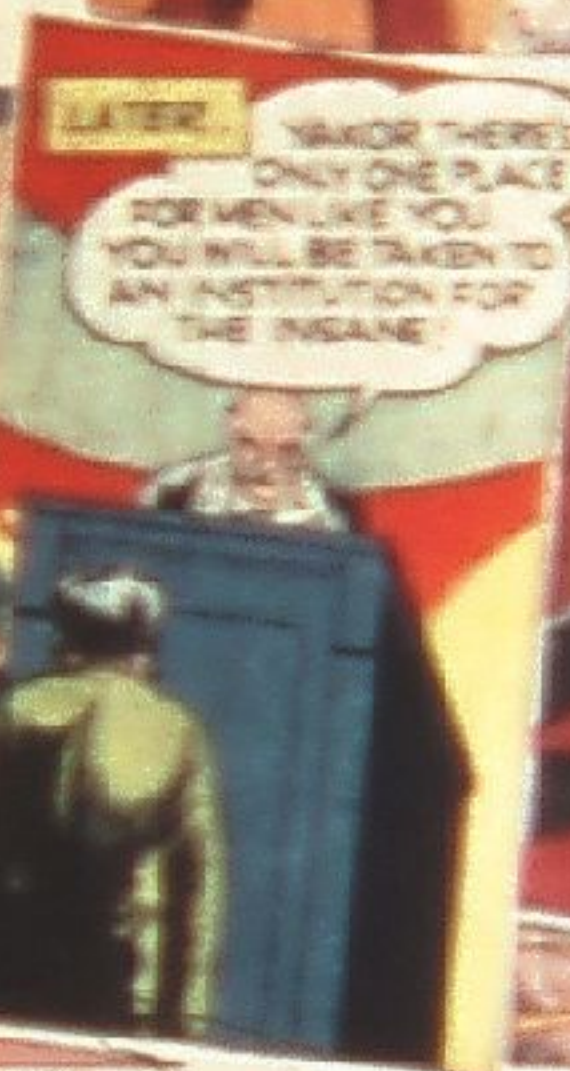
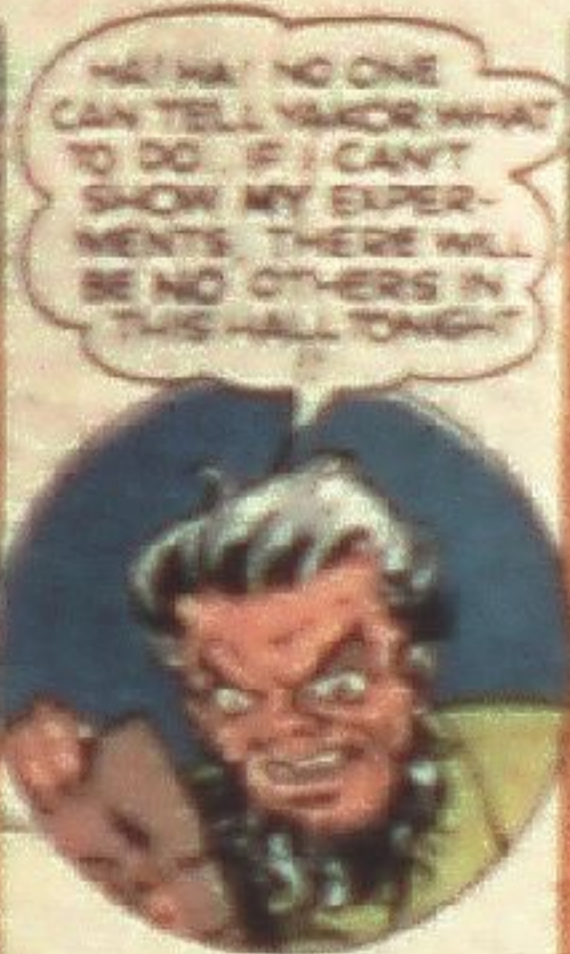


ON
YOUR
MARK









POO! MADDOCK THE YOUTHFUL SPACE OFFICER RADDOCK A MADPINE

HALT!
OR I'LL
FIRE!

TURN BACK OR I'LL
BLAST YOU OUT
OF THE SKY. I HAVE
A RAY GUN ON
THIS SHIP!

O.K. BROTHER
YOU ASKED
FOR IT!

YADDER
RE TORTS
WITH A
DEADLY
ATOMIC
BLAST!

THAT WAS CLOSE
ONLY A MADMAN
WOULD CHALLENGE
THE SPACE LEGION

FOR MINUTES THE TWO
SHIPS ZOOM AND DIVE
IN A RAGING DUEL.

HA HA HA!
I'LL GET HIM
THIS TIME!

SORRY TO
DISAPPOINT
YOU!

AS
HE
CRIPPLED
AND
FALLS
EARTH-
WARD
DOWN
ON
BOARD

LOOKS LIKE
THE END FOR
HIM!



BUT AS BRADDOCK RUNS AWAY HE CALLS TO SEE THE MONSTER FORM SLOWLY RISE FROM THE DARK...

I'LL HAVE REVENGE, I'LL HAVE REVENGE!



AND FIVE YEARS LATER ON A NIGHT OF TERRIBLY-POOR REVENGE IN ITS WORST STALLS THE EARTH...



HELLO, LEGION QUARTERS? THIS IS K-TT REPORTING EVERYTHING WELL



NO! ... GOOD-EVENING. WAIT!!



WHAT? METAL MONSTER APPROACHING METROPOLIS? COMMANDER!



THE MONSTER STRIKES



COMMANDER DROSBY ORDERS THE SPACE LEGION INTO ACTION



THERE IT IS! BATTLE STATIONS ALERT!



SHIPS DIVE!!

BUT RELENTLESSLY THE
MIGHTY FORM PULSES
ON DESTROYING ALL
IN ITS PATH.

ROCK BRINGS LIVES

THAT NOISE I'VE
PICKED UP THE
INTERFERENCE
OF A RADIO
TRANSMITTER



EEEEEEEL

AND TEN TO
ONE ITS ORIGIN
IS THE PLACE
THAT CONTROLS
THE MONSTER



HAI HAI IT IS MY
HOUR OF REVENGE!
ALL MANKIND SHALL BE
WIPED FROM THE FACE
OF THE EARTH BY
MY MACHINE!



YOU ARE WRONG
DR YAGOR! I'M
GOING TO
STOP YOU!



HAI YOU
ARE TOO LATE
I AM DESTROYING
THE WORLD!



I THOUGHT I
GOT YOU ONCE, BUT
THIS TIME I'M MAKING
SURE!!!



CRASH



HOW TO STOP
THAT TIN
MAN OF
YOURS!

AS ROCK
THROWS
A SWITCH,
THE
HUGE CREATION
HALTS IN ITS
TRACKS,
TURNES,
AND THEN
LUMBERS
BACK
TO ITS
HOME



100
PLANETS
WILL IT STOP
HERE, OR...

AS IF BY A GUIDING HAND THE
GREAT FORM HALTS BEFORE
THE PLACE OF ITS HEAVENLY
MASTER

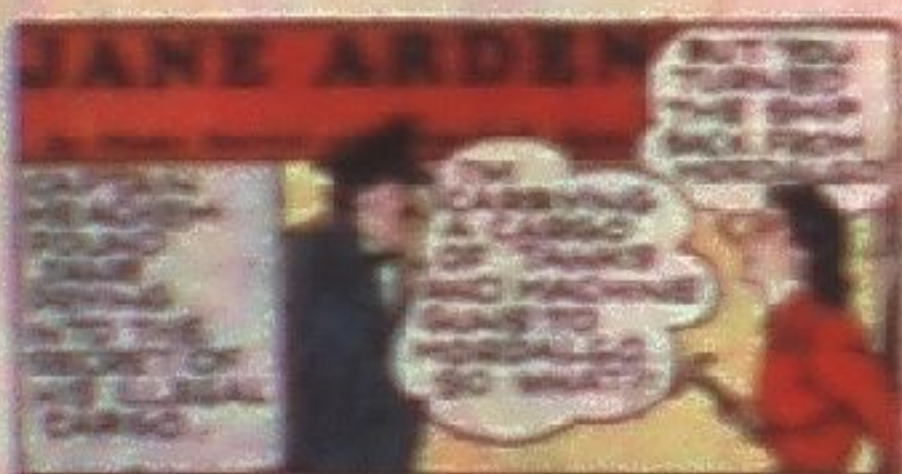


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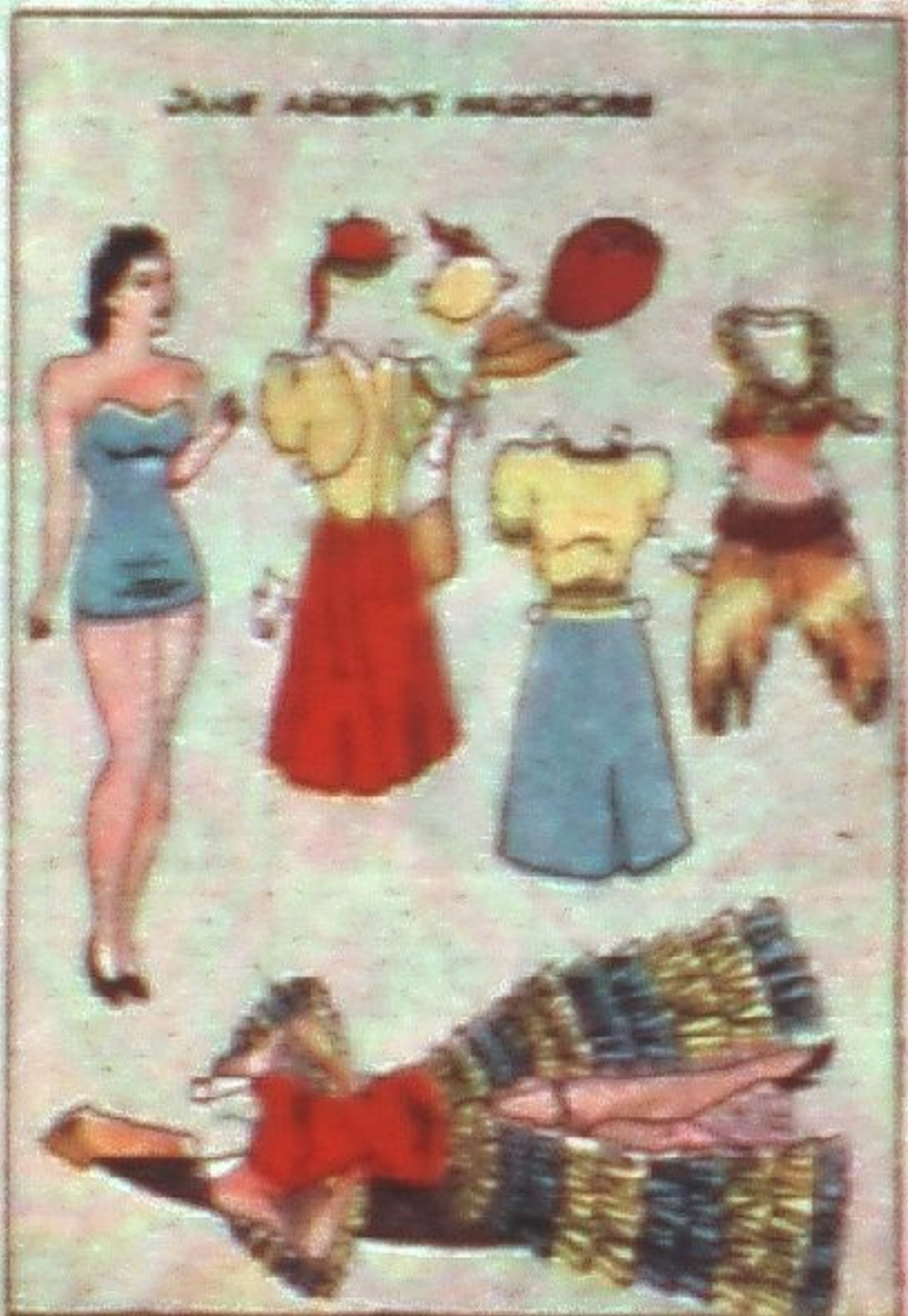
AND WITH A BOOM IT NOW BLOWS
INTO A MILLION PIECES DESTROYING
THE MAN WHO DEFEATED THE UNIVERSE



HOW
IT'S BIG
TERRIBLE
AS IT'S BIG
DEAD



JANE ARDEN



JANE ARDEN

By Maxine Brown and John L. Stone

AS JANE AND
JOHN ARDEN
ARE
BRIDGED
WITH
THEIR
WEDDING
AS
MARRIAGE

AWAY
IN
THEIR
YOU
SEE
HOW
DO
YOU
WANT?

ADVERTISING

WEEKEND CAMP
WITH WOLF
HOLMES
STORY

MAYBE
 I
 THOUGHT
 YOU'D
 COME
 AROUND
 OPEN THE
 DOOR
 THERON OF
 YOUR GUY
 YOU'LL BE
 PROOF

NOT AS
TASTY
BAY
CAB

THE 1977
PUBLISHED BY
AMERICAN

CALL THEM
ON THE PHONE
WITH THIS
POWERFUL
NEW SLIDE

THERE'S ENOUGH
SLEEPING POWDER IN
THEIR COFFEE TO PUT AN
ARMY ASLEEP.

1998

YOU FIRST, JANE

NO WAIT
OUR POWER
COMES
FROM

五、**项目概况**

THEY'VE
BEEN
DOWN
THE
DRAIN
IF
WE SLEEP

LOOK, JIM!
OUR COFFEE
WAS
DOUBLED!

WOMEN IN
BIBLICAL
THE WORLD
WAS
WOMAN



WILSON
BOY
IN
THE
TOWN
A
SOCIAL
CRAVAT

WOMEN
IN THE
COMMITTEE
TO SAVE
THE
WEDDING

THE UNIVERSITY OF
MICHIGAN
LIBRARY

YOUR

YES, LADY, AN
AUNT TOO
TO RIGHT
THING BY

YOU BETTER
MADEY ER
DANLON
ILSE

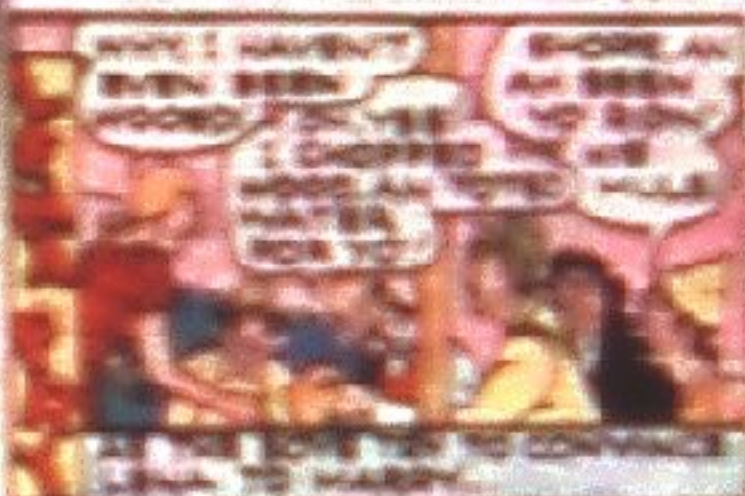


WILL DAVE
DOVE
WOOD
KID NO
I'VE GOTTA
WANT TO BE
WILL BE

YOUR
BIG
GOLD
BON
THE
WEDD
IN

JANE ARBON'S WARDROBE

A vintage fashion illustration titled "JANE ARBON'S WARDROBE". It depicts a woman standing on the right side, wearing a pink two-piece outfit consisting of a strapless top and high-waisted bottoms. To her left are several pieces of clothing: a long, pleated pink dress; a blue jacket with a wide collar and long sleeves; a light blue, short-sleeved dress with a full skirt; a black dress with a large red bow at the waist; and a red dress with a large red bow at the waist. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.



Alias the Spider

BY PAUL KATZ

A MODERN DAVID WHO
FEARLESSLY STALLS
THE GOLIATH OF CRIME,
THE SPIDER REACHES OUT
TO CRUSH THOSE BEYOND
THE POWER OF THE LAW.

SANDHOLE BORE A
MIGHTY TUNNEL UNDER
BUSTLING NEW YORK
ANOTHER LINK FOR
OUR GREAT DEFENSE
SYSTEM.

EXPLOSION AFTER EXPLOSION SHATTERED
THE WORKING CHAMBER AT THE
END OF THE TUNNEL, SCATTERING
WORKERS TO EVERY CORNER OF THE
DEATH-TRAP. THEN, FOLLOWING THE
FIFTH EXPLOSION IN A WEEK, CAME
THE DREAD OF THE SANDHOLE, A BLAST
CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSION BREAKING A HOLE
THROUGH THE RIVER BED AND LETTING THE
HIGH AIR PRESSURE ESCAPE WITH THE RURY
OF A TORNADO.

BUT DEATH'S COLD HAND
SEEMS TO BE PRESSED
AGAINST ITS PROGRESS.
DISASTER STRIKES TIME
AND AGAIN IN THE
UNDERWATER PASSAGE.



NEWS OF THE DISASTER IS FIRST KNOWN AT THE PRESSURE CONTROL ROOM AT THE TUNNEL'S ENTRANCE.



ANOTHER BLOW WAKE! GIVE THEM ALL THE PRESSURE YOU'VE GOT! SHE'S GOING!

THIS MAKES FIVE PLANEES ANOTHER AND THE TUNNEL WILL BE ABANDONED - ANDY STARTS THE EMERGENCY MOTORS!



JUST A MINUTE WAKE! SEE! HE'S HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WAY! HE'S THE STOP WATCH! SPOOK!



OH, OH! THERE'S GODS AGAIN!

AS ONCE HE STRIDES FOR THE ELEVATOR DRIFTING TO THE TUNNEL BELOW.



THEN ON A CABLE DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS

AS SEVERAL MEN SEE THE SPIDER STREAK INTO THE TUNNEL



IN SPIDER'S

HEY, HANSEL! YOU'VE GOT MORE LUCK THAN ANY MAN! NOW THIS IS THE FIFTH TIME THE TUNNEL WENT UP AND YOUR CREW WERE SAFE OUT HERE!



YEAH, MIKE! IT KINDA GIVES ME THE CREEPS! GET THE ELEVATOR UP! WE'RE GOING DOWN AND SEE IF WE CAN HELP! HE CAN USE EMERGENCY HELMETS!



BOSS! YOU OFF YOUR NUTS?

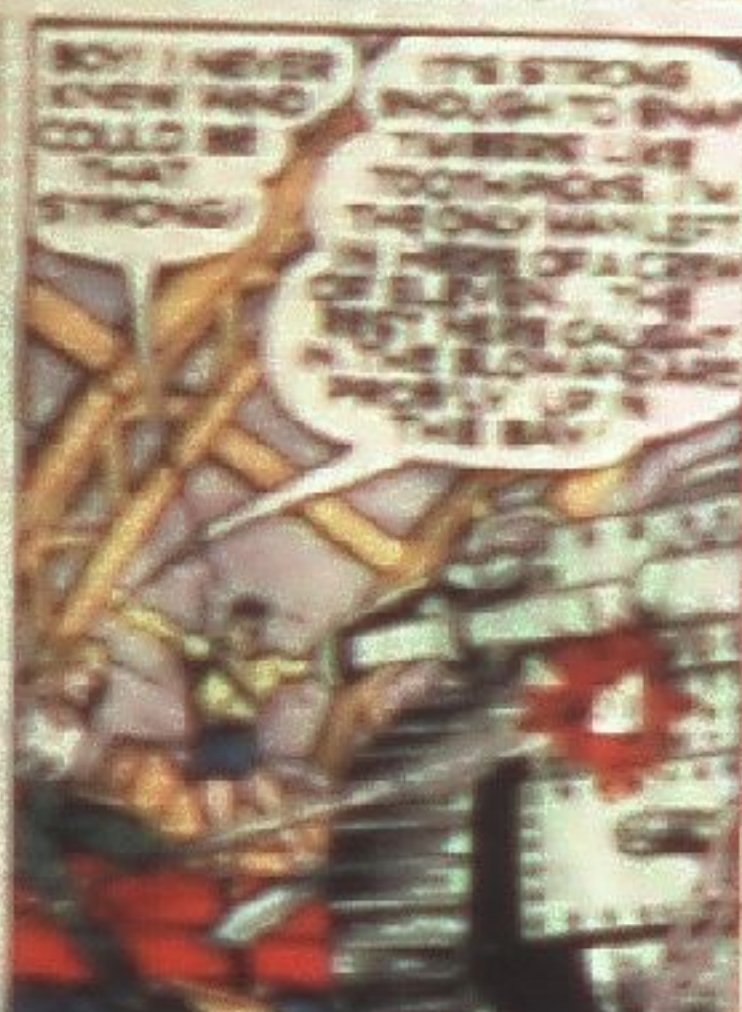
SHUT UP! WE GOTTA MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!



MEANWHILE THE SPIDER RIDES THROUGH THE TUNNEL TOWARD THE WORKING CHAMBER



LAST STOP!





BOSS, LOOK AT SPIDER!

I KNOW, DON'T HE SEE HIM FALLING DOWN?



HEY, WE'RE GONNA RUN THAT FACTOR INTO THE BLIND!



WHY THE DIRT? SO MANY ARE IN THE BLIND BEHIND ALL THESE EXPLOSIONS!



WITH ALL HIS POWER THE SANDWICH STRENGTH OUT FOR HAYBEL.



ALL THE KING CREATED BY THE BLIND IS TOO GREAT HE IS SPUN BACKWARDS!



SEE WHO THAT WAS GORDON THE FOREMAN OF THE GANG THAT WAS HERE, HE'S ON HIS HAND OUT, HE'S GOT THE SPIDER!



WHAT TUFF SUN PLAY, BUT?



AS HE TURNING THE SPIDER WITH THE SANDWICH CRASH IN THE BLIND AND RUNNING TO HIS SIDE!



LOOKOUT! WHOEVER IS BACK THERE IS STILL SHOOTING AT US!



IT'S THE FOREMAN OF THE SHIRT THAT WORKS IN HERE BEFORE ME!



THAT EXPLAINS A LOT, KEEP DOWN SO THEY WON'T HIT YOU AND TRUST TO LUCK, WE'RE PLAYING A LONG SHOT, IF IT DOESN'T WORK, IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU!



SPIDER! YOUR HEROES MUST BE MADE OF ICE!





WANT TO DO
SOME MORE
BOOOTING AT ME
HANDSEL?



I'LL JUST GO UP
ABOVE AGAIN!



HE'S
HEADIN' FOR THE
LIGHT
SWITCH!



BUT HANSEL'S MEN
ARE TOO LATE... THE
TUNNEL IS THROWN
INTO BITCH BLACKNESS
AND...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER
THE FOREMAN OF THE
ALL-STAR CREW STOPS
THROUGH THE
EMERGENCY DOOR



HE IS FOLLOWING IN
THE SPIDER...

BUT UPSTAIRS IN THE
HOSPITAL FOREMAN
TANK BEFORE YOU GET
THE BEACH - JURY!

YOU'D BETTER
COME ALONG
TOO!



I CAN STAND IT...
ANYWAY MY JOB ISN'T
FINISHED HERE WHILE
YOU'RE UP THERE, TELL
SOMEONE TO
PHONE
FOR THE
POLICE!

BUT
OKAY!
THAT'S A
WAY!



IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT
HANSEL WILL BE OUT
IN A MINUTE TRYING
TO STOP ME FROM
GETTING TO THE POLICE
AND EXPOSING HIM...
WELL, THE POLICE
DON'T WANT HIM, HAS
LIVED OUT HIS STRING!



THE WHOLE GANG IS
HERE ALL RIGHT
BUT WHERE'S
HANSEL?

LOOK!
THERE HE
IS!



WHY ARE DEAD
WITH THE SEAL OF THE
SPIDER ON HIS CHEST?
CHON, HE GOTTA GET
THAT SPIDER AND FIND
THE REASON WHY
HANSEL BRICKED THE
TUNNEL!

NO! I
HAVE BETTER
WAYS OF JUST
WASTING
MY TIME!



SPIT FIRE

By
A. McWilliams

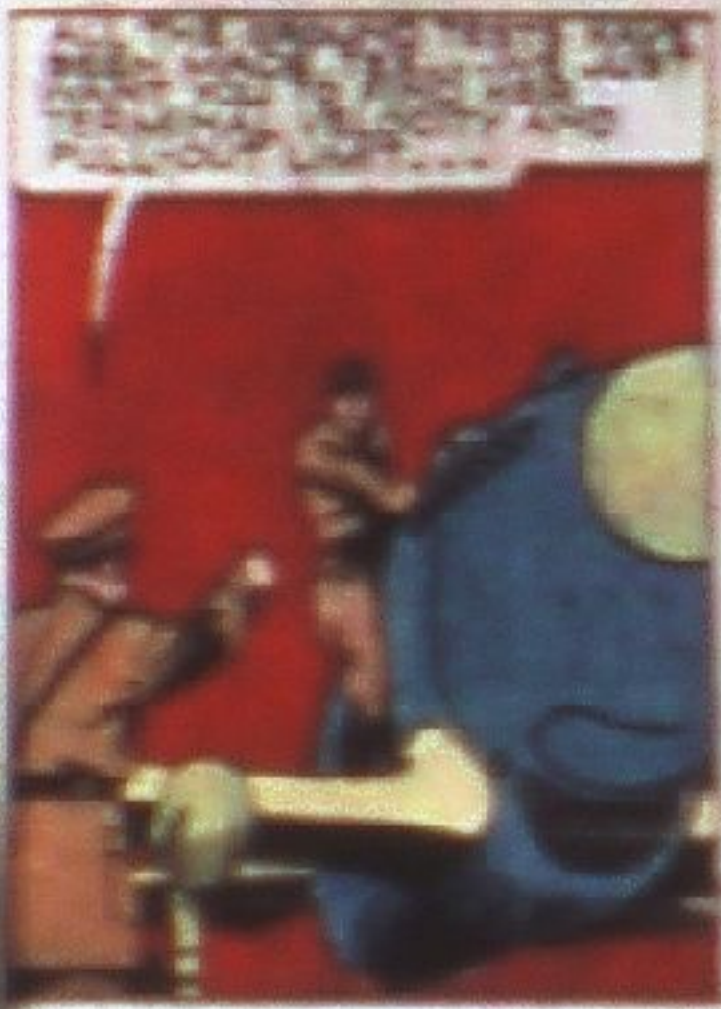
A FEW AIRCRAFT OFFICIALS AND ARMY OFFICERS STAND ON A WEST COAST FIELD AWAITING THE TESTING OF A NEW PURSUIT PLANE BY ADAM'S PILOT.

THEY TESTED MANY PLANES BEFORE THE ARMY BOYS SAW... HERE'S ONE OF THE BEST...

HERE COMES YOUR PILOT ADAMS, NOW

I'M ALL SET MAJOR. SHALL I TAKE UP THE NEW SHIP NOW?





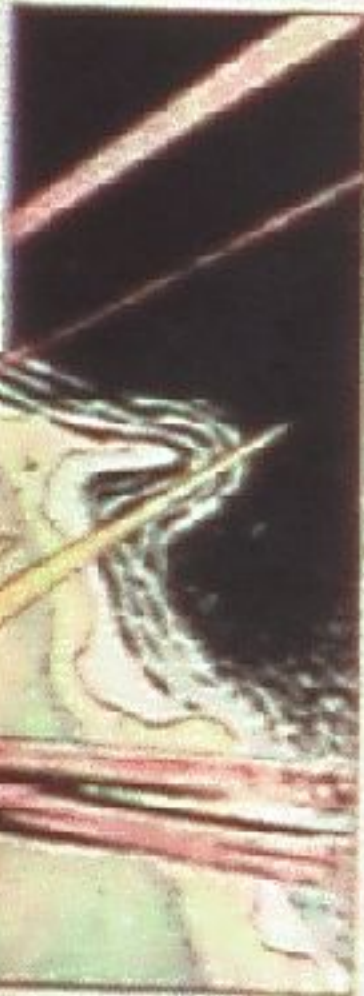
THE TINY PURSUIT PLUMMETS
EARTHWARD, THE WHINE OF THE
MOTOR RISING TO A HIGH PITCHED
SCREAM!



TEX AUTOMATICALLY JOTS
THE INSTRUMENT READ-
INGS DOWN ON HIS KNEE-
PAD



ALL OKAY SO FAR...
EXCEPT THAT BLASTED
OIL GAUGE! MAYBE
IT'S JAMMED DUE TO
THE SPEED... I'M
HITTIN' OVER 500 M.P.H.



...FOLLOWED
INSTANTLY
BY BRIGHT
TONGUES
OF
FLAME!!



SUDDENLY... HOT
BLACK OIL STREAKS
BACK FROM THE
HURTLING PLANE...



THOSE ON THE FIELD BELOW
WITNESS TEX'S PRECIP-
ITOUS FALL...

WHY DOESN'T
HE BAIL
OUT?



GET TEX ON THE RADIO!!
...TELL HIM TO BAIL OUT!
THAT'S AN ORDER.



CAN'T BAIL OUT... I
LEAVE THE SHIP NOW, IT
MIGHT CRASH IN THE CITY!!



I'M TAKING HER OUT
OVER THE PACIFIC BEFORE
I JUMP----



...IF I CAN GET HER
OUT OF THIS DIVE
AND HEADED IN THAT
DIRECTION



GET THIS AMBULANCE
ROLLING TO WHERE
HE'S HEADING...!
THE COAST ROAD--
STEP ON IT...!



SIDEN MOANING THE BIG
AMBULANCE ROCKS OFF IN
PURSUIT OF TEX... FOLLOWED
BY THE ARMY STAFF CARS...



GOSH!! I'M OUT OF THE
DIVE... BUT I HAVEN'T
ENOUGH ALTITUDE TO RISK
BAILING OUT!



I'LL HAVE TO TRY
LANDING HER...
BUT QUICK...!!
THIS CRATE IS
GETTING HOT!!



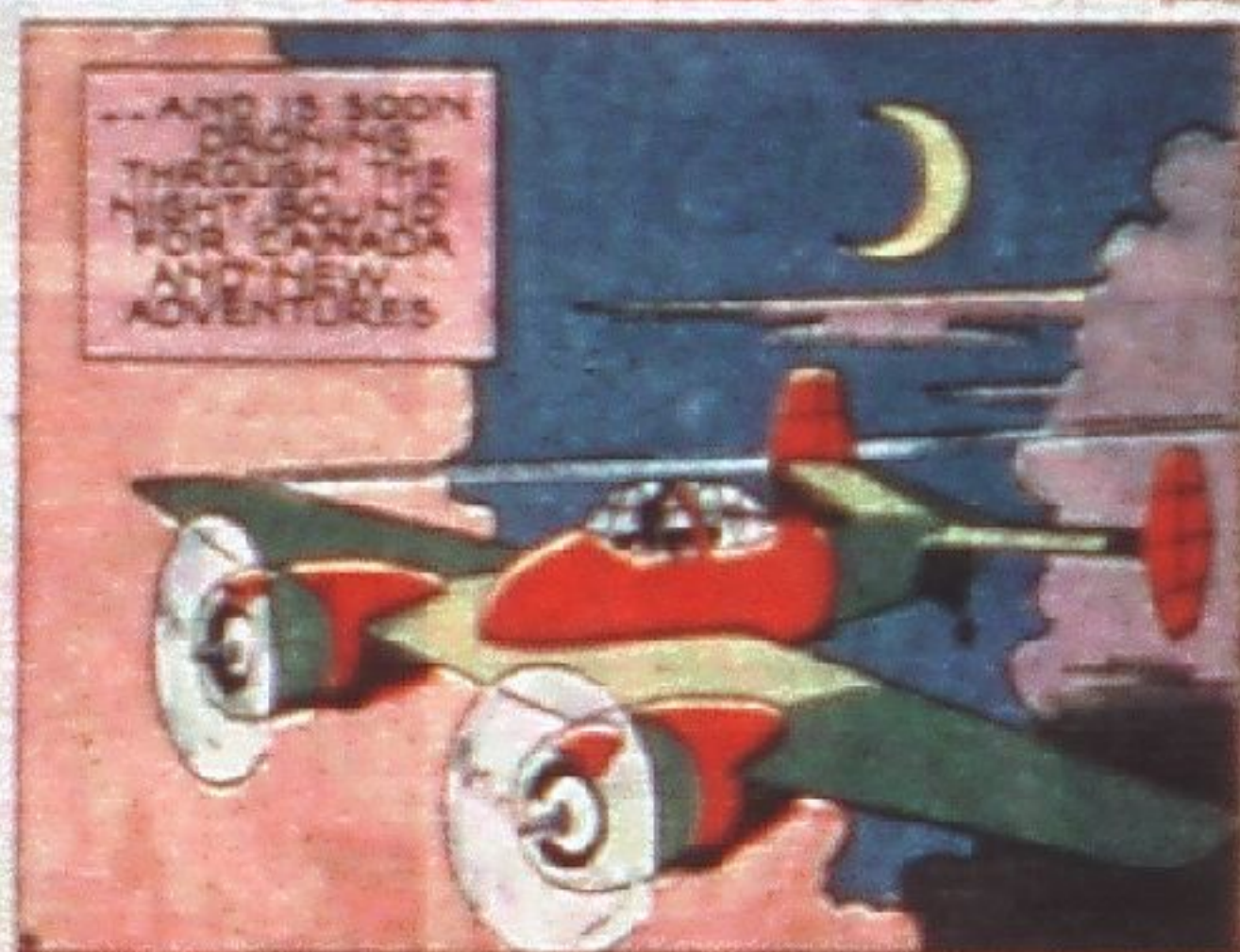
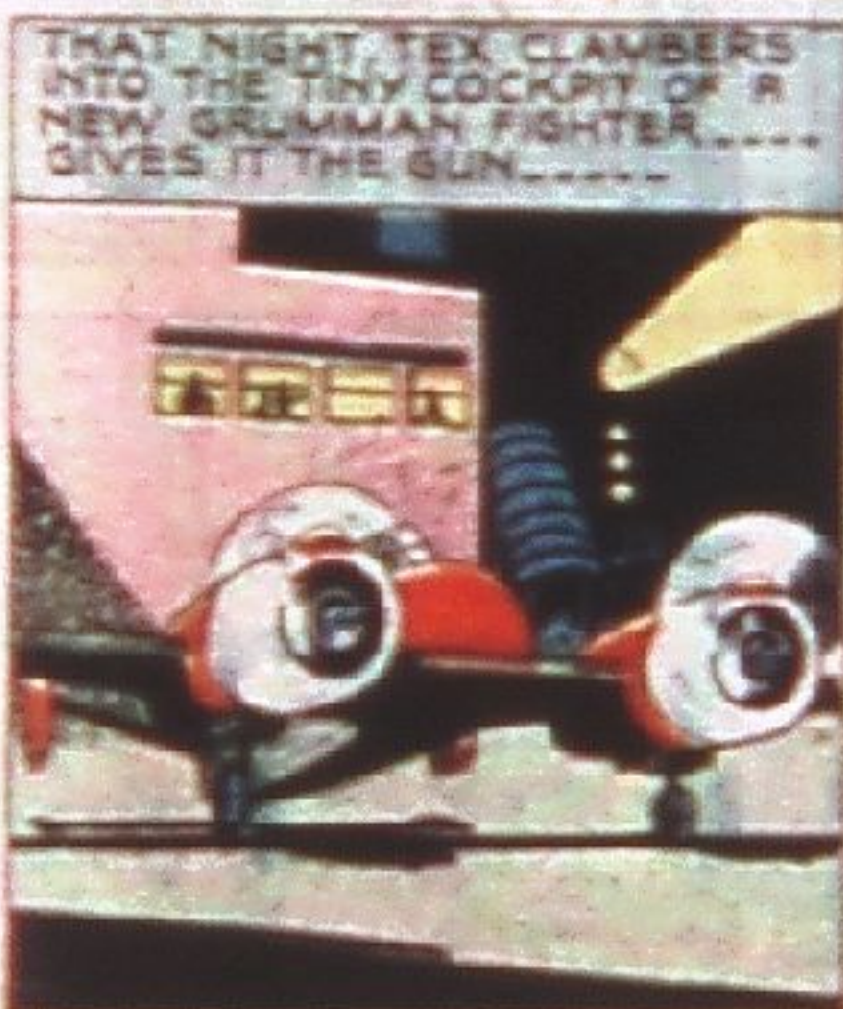
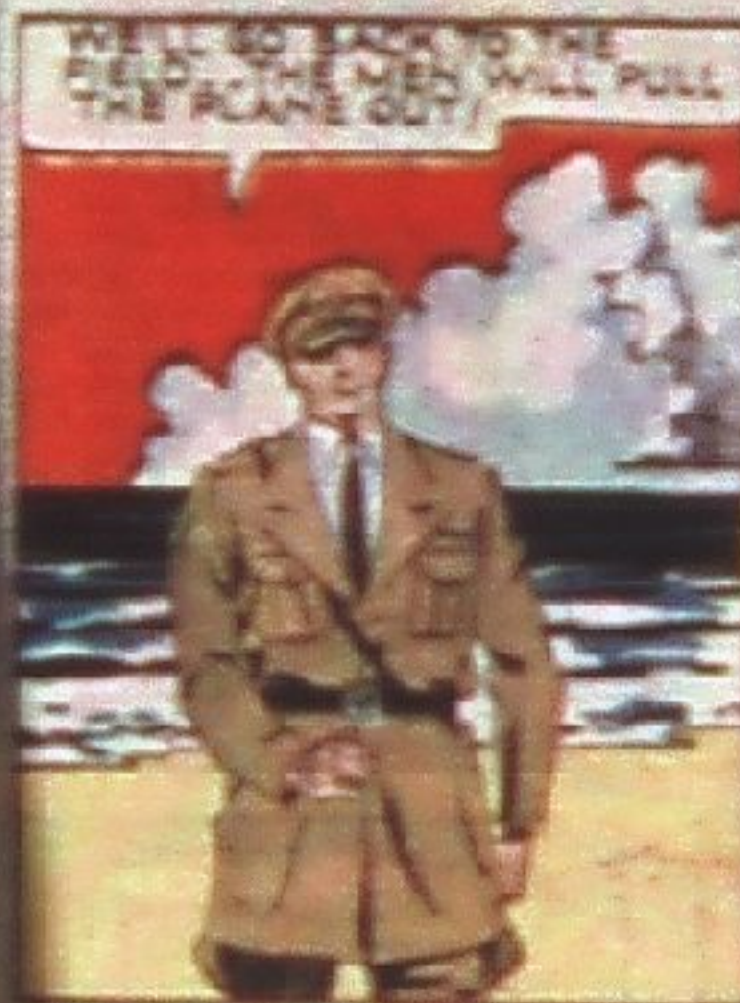
TEX COMES IN OVER THE
BEACH AT A TERRIFIC
PACE...--DESPERATELY
HE FISH-TAILS TO CUT
DOWN HIS SPEED---



I SURE HOPE THAT
SAND IS PACKED
HARD... HERE GOES!





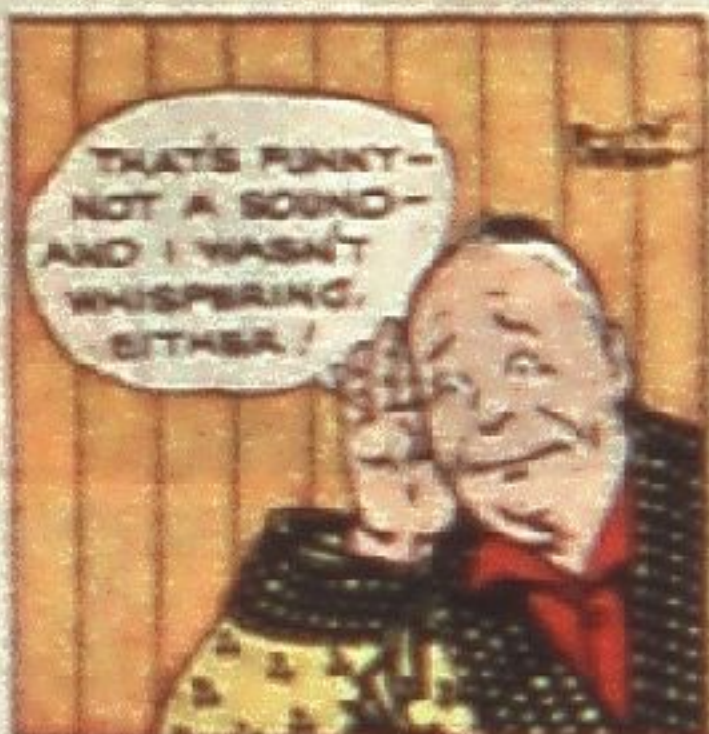
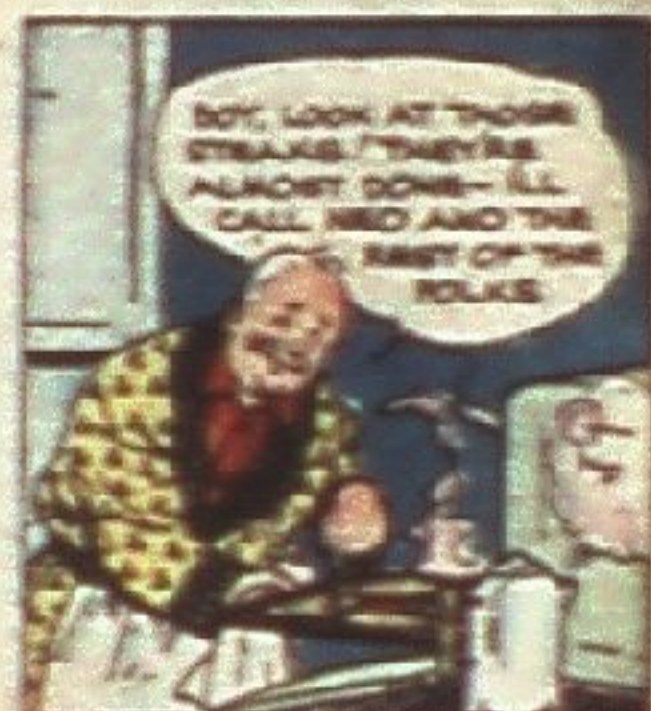
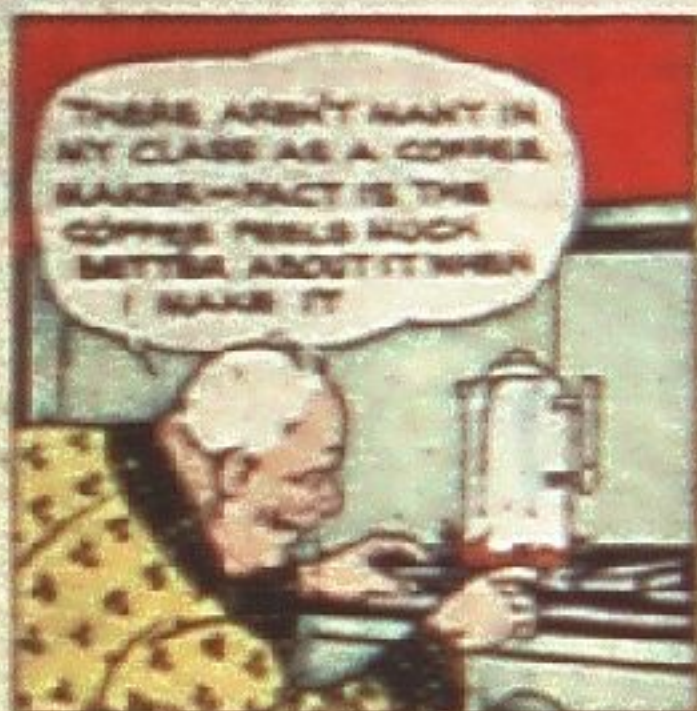


Follow Spitzke in the September issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale July 16th.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Illustrated by L. W. BROWN



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

ILLUSTRATED BY S. W. DORR

MOVE BACK, YOUNK!
WILL YOU PLEASE?
ONE IS A CHANCE
TO FIELD THE BALL!

PLAY
BALL, BRANT!
WE WON'T
SUCCOR!

NEVER SAW SUCH
A HOSTILE CROWD
DO YOU, HED?

THESE
CROWDS ARE
OBSCURANT!
DON'T LIKE
CAPTAIN.

COME ON—YOU'VE
HAVE TO MOVE
BACK OFF THE
PLAYING
FIELD!

LOL, IT'S A WONDER
YOU WOULDN'T ASK
ME TO SIT DOWN IN
A WELL AND
WATCH THIS
BALL GAME.

SAFE!

NO DRAPE,
NO! HAS
OUT BY
A STEP!

ONE MORE CRACK OUT OF
YOU AND OFF
YOU GO!

LITTLE DRAPE—
IF YOU'RE GOING TO
STEAL THIS BALL GAME
HAVE THE COURTESY TO
WEAR A MASK!

IF I HEAR ANY
MORE OUT OF YOU
COACH BRANT, I'LL
GIVE YOU JUST TWO
MINUTES TO LEAVE
THE PARK!

I'LL BET
YOU HAVEN'T
EVEN GOT A
WATCH, DRAPE.

FAIR BALL!

ON YOUR
HORSE,
LEFT
FIELDER!

SAY
WOULDN'T
THE IDEA?

NEVER
ONE BALL
YOU WON'T
THROW BACK
TO THE
INFIELD!

TWO
SCORES
AHEAD,
BOYS—
THIS
GAME'S
IN THE
BAG!

HEY, DRAPE!
DON'T YOU EVEN
KNOW THE
RULES?

WHEN A
CRICKETER
DOES THAT THE
BASE RUNNERS
CAN ADVANCE
ONLY AS FAR AS
THE LAST BASE
THEY TOUCHED
BEFORE THE BALL
WAS THROWN
OVER THE FENCE—
THE RUNNERS
MUST RETURN
TO FIRST AND
THIRD!

YOU'RE RIGHT I
GUESS—IT SAYS SO
RIGHT
HERE.

NED BRANT

by BOB LUPINE



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

BRANT BY E. W. DORR

COACH BRANT WANTS TO
HEAR US ONCE BEFORE I GO
OUT ON THE ROAD
AS ADVISOR AGENT

IT'S UP TO YOU TO GET
US BOOKINGS WHICH
WILL LAST UNTIL
ABOUT THE MIDDLE
OF AUGUST, JAKE

ALL DO MY PART,
NEED, BUT AS THE
FEATHERED SHIRT OF
THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA,
HE CAN'T SOUND LIKE
FALLING FLAUTA



Ned Brant is continued in the September issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale July 16th.



There was much waiting in the hogans of Flat Nose. The melons and maize and beans drooped sore on their desiccated stems. The brown earth was lava-hard.

Rain! Would it ever rain? The Great Spirit had hidden his face and the land of the Hopi was dying. The sheep were dying. Soon Flat Nose's people would be dying.

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FREE CATALOG

25

BELTICORRE FIREWORKS CO. INC.

FIREWORKS

Oh Boy!

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FREE CATALOG

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BELTICORRE FIREWORKS CO. INC.

Each day for two moons the Hopi had held a sacred council, beseeching the rain god. But the rain god did not hear. Not a cloud appeared in the coppery sky. Not a rumble of thunder. Death was near.

One day Wise Beaver stalked into the council chamber as the elders were passing the pipe. Wise Beaver's eyes were red-rimmed. His dark skin was burned an ebony shade. Dust caked his face.

"My fathers," he said, "the Great Spirit is angry and I have found the reason. It is not the Hopi who is to blame; it is the white man. I have ridden four suns to the westward. There, the crops are green and the sheep are fat. It is because the white man has used strong medicine to anger the rain god against his children. The white man has taken all from us."

The chiefs nodded glumly, and several affirmative "Ugh!" issued from thin, dry lips.

Flat Nose said, "My son has a remedy?"

Wise Beaver nodded emphatically. "I have, O Father." Then Wise Beaver set forth his plan. It was simple. The Hopi and Navajo would join forces and wipe out the white-skinned devil.

Stanton Barclay, owner of the Crossed T ranch, glowered at Mike Donley, his top-hand.

"More of 'em poisoned, huh? What's down it?"

Mike shook his head. "We figger it's the dang Hopis. Stan. We got most of north valley herd into another grazin' place last night. Course, they'll poison all the water if they see they're gettin' away with it."

Barclay hunched his heavy shoulders. "Well, we gotta stop it, or we'll be wiped out. Double the night force, Mike, an' keep

your eyes peeled. Them Hopis are tricky devils."

Two days after this conversation a long, sleek plane drifted through the dark Arizona sky. Eric Vale, young adventurer and astute member of a famous detective group, kept his eyes focused upon the dark terrain below. For two hours he had not seen a light, and his gas gauge showed almost empty. He'd have to land within a few minutes, or crash.

"Ah!" he said a moment later. He banked, swooped down, aiming his ship at the splash of light that glimmered a few miles ahead. "Hope it's one of those dude ranches," he muttered. "They'll have gas."

He snapped on a powerful searchlight and headed for a fairly level field. His air-down



wasn't exactly a precision job, but the landing gear held. He cut the motor and climbed out. Then he strode toward the lighted ranch house a quarter-mile off.

Stanton Barclay was ordinarily a jovial man. He was glad to see Eric Vale.

"Heard about you," he said. "Jump around quite a bit, huh? How the heck do you make so many miles?"

"Fly, usually," Eric grinned. "Ran out of gas over your place."

"Got plenty gas here," Barclay told him. "Sleep on it tonight and tomorrow we'll look around. Seldom get visitors out here."

Eric liked Stanton Barclay. The next morning, in the rancher's office, Eric heard the story of the poisoned sheep.

"Someone trying to freeze you out?" Eric asked.

Barclay shook his head. Now I guess it's the blessed Hopis. You see, it hasn't rained in this country in almost three months, and the redskins' crops are burning up. It's natural Indian deduction to blame everything on the whites.

"Pretty tough nut to crack, huh?" said Eric. "I don't know much about Indian psychology, but if you think it'll do any good I'll fly over and jaw-jaw with their chief. Does he speak Gingo?"

"Sure. Gingo said once, though. But you can't hurt anything by tryin'. Wait me to come along."

Eric and the rancher took off a little later and winged over the valley of the Hopis a couple of times before landing a short distance from Flat Nose's council chamber. By the time they had climbed out of the ship several hundred angry Indians were milling about the plane. Eric raised his right hand and after a moment there was quiet. Eric had suddenly got a flash of an idea.

"Friends," he said, "I hear that the crops of my brothers are dying from lack of rain. Do my brothers think this is the fault of the white man?"

Sullen grunts followed that. Then Flat Nose stepped forward.

"The white man has taken our lands, our water, and forced us to live in bad lands where the grazing is poor. Our sheep are dying. The white man's medicine is stronger. The Great Spirit has turned his face away from the Hopis who have lived at peace with his white brothers for many years. Now—" Flat Nose paused, and an ominous muttering rose in the crowd of dark-skinned men. One of them shouted angrily.

Eric waved his hand again for silence. "I am here to help my brothers," he said—"to bring peace and plenty once more to them. And here is my plan: If rain falls before this day is ended, will my brothers be satisfied?"

Barclay growled. "What the dickens are you tryin' to do, Yale?" he demanded in a stage whisper. "Are you plumb crazy?"

Flat Nose was nodding his head, and suddenly cheers broke

out. Yes, they would be satisfied if rain fell. They would be at peace with their white brothers!

Barclay growled again. What had come over this half-breed kid? There was no more chance of rain falling today than there was of a glacier forming in the valley!

After Eric had again assured the Hopis that he would bring rain, the two white men climbed into the plane and took off.

Barclay was glad for the first few minutes. "I don't get it, youngster," he bit off, "but sure sure tryin' to get us all in a heck of a fix. You bring rain!"



Eric grinned. "I can try," he stated. "Know a chap up in Canada who does the trick. Just remembered his stunt back there got any dynamite on the ranch?"

"Yeah, sure. What you aim in' to do, blast the dam up, turn all the water into the other end of the valley?"

"No," Eric said. "Although that would certainly give the Indians water, wouldn't it?"

"An' cut off our coal supply," Barclay snapped. "Ah, no, young feller!"

"Well, that isn't my plan, Mr. Barclay. I want about fifty sticks of dynamite, and I won't go near the dam."

Eric worked an hour in Barclay's well-equipped shop, then he stowed a score of odd-looking packages in the plane. He took off

immediately, leaving behind a bunch of excited ranchers.

Circling, he gained altitude. At twenty thousand feet, he leveled off over the valley. And a few minutes later the people below heard a terrific explosion that came from the clouds. Again and again the detonations racked the hot atmosphere. What the idea was nobody knew.

Eric circled the entire valley and blew a score of holes through the clouds. Then he set down near old Flat Nose's hogan. The Indians eyed him with mingled fear and distrust. Was he a god? Or demon? He had created thunder ...!

The Indians stood silently, covertly watching the young flier. And suddenly the sun was faintly obscured. A small mass of darkish clouds were piling up at the north end of the valley.

Then the rain came! A drenching downpour, accompanied by terrific claps of thunder and vivid lightning. It kept up for a good hour, such a storm as the valley people had not seen in many a month.

Eric grinned. A soft chant started in the ranks of the red-men. It grew in volume, swelling above the sound of the gradually lessening rain.

"Well," laughed Eric to himself, "I guess I will be known henceforth as a rainmaker!"

He thanked his stars that the trick had worked. In Canada a few years before, a man had done this same thing, and continued to do it. He had become famous as a rainmaker. It was physically simple and easy of explanation. The explosions set up cross-currents that disturbed the natural functions of the atmosphere—such as a bolt of lightning does. Hot and cold air collided. And the wat'ry ducts of heaven simply opened.

Peace had come to the Hopis!

LAKE OF MISSING MEN
ANOTHER ERIC YALE ADVENTURE
IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF
Crack Comics
ON SALE JULY 16TH



AS A CHILD LITTLE BRADSHAW CLIMBED UP TO THE TOP OF THE LORRETT TREE.



WHILE A TOT BY THE NAME OF BRADSHAW ADAM GOT SCARED WHEN HE STOOD ON THE DINING ROOM CHAIR.



BUT WHEN A MAN HAS A COMEALY FILLER AND REARS THE GREAT HEIGHTS SO HE LIVED IN A CELLAR.



WHILE ADAM WITH SOME CRACKERS AND CHEESE IN HIS POCKET SET OUT FOR THE MOON IN A SECOND-HAND ROCKET.

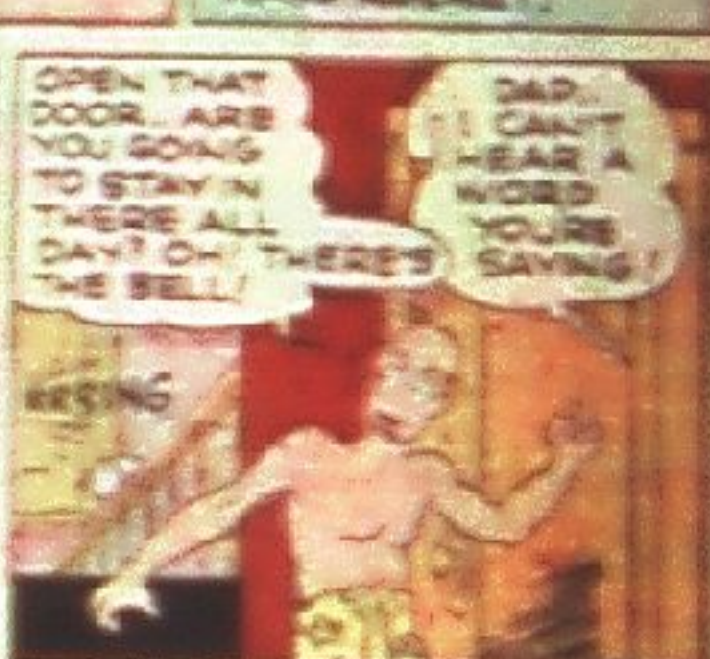


BRAD AND DAD

HOW I OVER-SLEPT. THAT INSURANCE MAN WILL BE HERE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!



BRADSHAW LET ME IN THERE SHUT OFF THAT WATER! HEY BRADSHAW!



OPEN THAT DOOR. ARE YOU GOING TO STAY IN THERE ALL DAY? OH THERE'S THE BELL!

DAD, I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING!



ALL MISTER SNEED I'M GLAD YOU DON'T GET DRESSED I BROUGHT THE DOCTOR WITH ME!

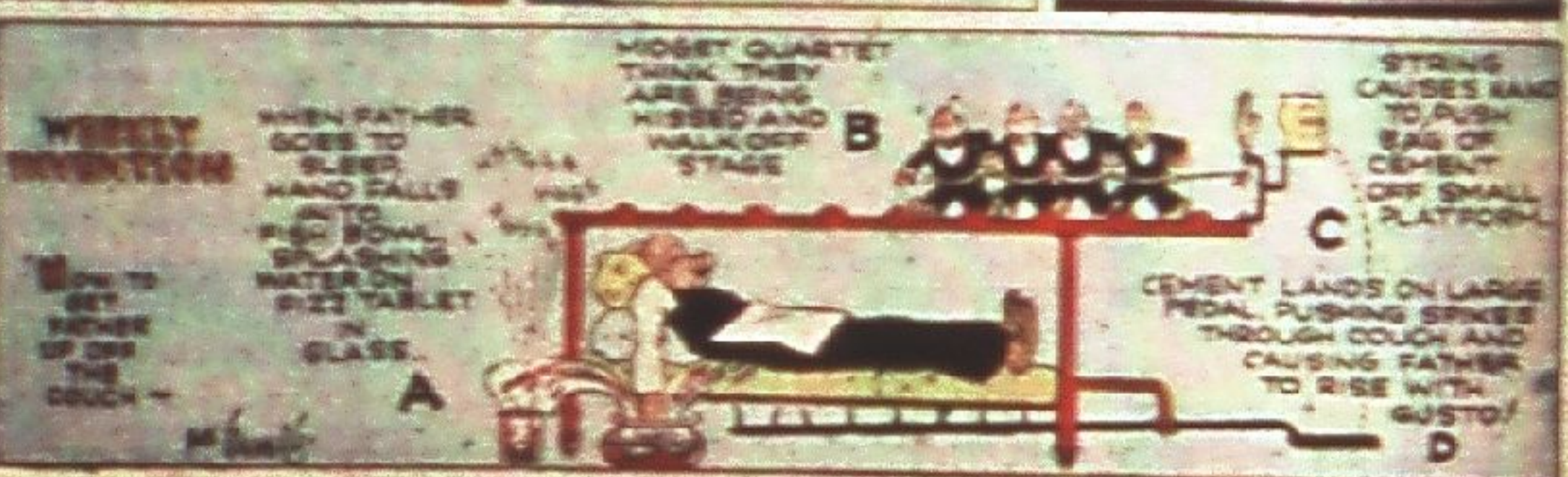


BLOOD PRESSURE'S UP. HEART ACTION'S FAST. HIGHLY NERVOUS!

THAT'LL MAKE THE DREEMIN' FTY HIGHER!



HELLO LOCKSMITH. I WANT YOU TO TAKE THE LOCK OFF THE BATHROOM DOOR!



WEEKLY INVENTION

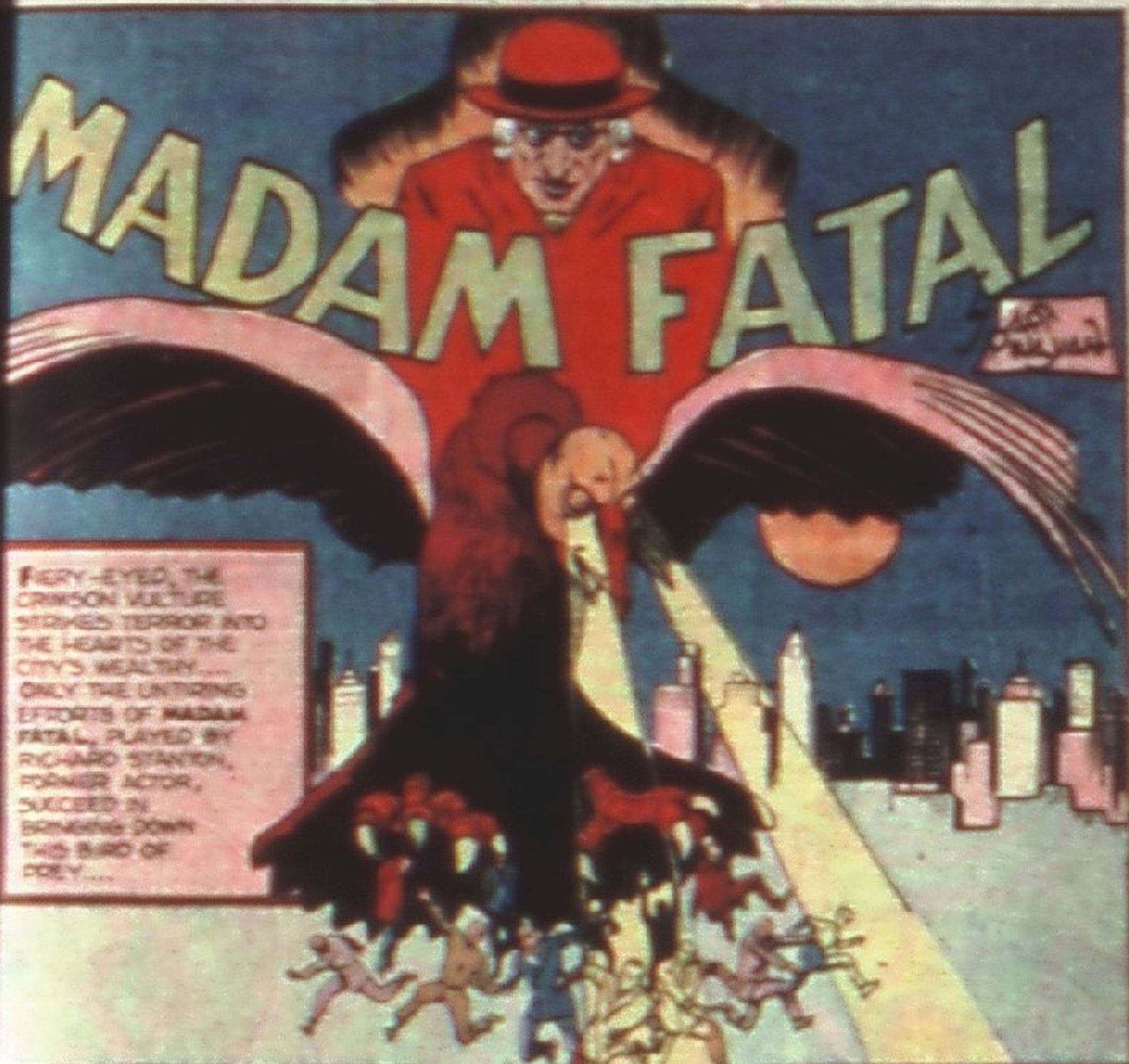
WHEN FATHER GOES TO SLEEP HAND FALLS INTO FISH BOWL SPLASHING WATER ON FIZZ TABLET IN GLASS.

MOSET QUARTET THINK THEY ARE BEING KISSED AND WALK OFF STAGE

STRING CAUSES RAMP TO PUSH BAG OF CEMENT OFF SMALL PLATFORM

CEMENT LANDS ON LARGE PEDAL PUSHING SPIKES THROUGH COUCH AND CAUSING FATHER TO RISE WITH GUSTO!

Don't miss Rube Goldberg's Side Show in the September issue of CRACK COMICS.



FIERY-EYED, THE CRIMSON MULTITUDE STRIDES TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE CITY'S WEALTHY... ONLY THE UNTIRING EFFORTS OF MADAM FATAL, PLAYED BY RICHARD STANTON, FORMER ACTOR, SUCCEED IN BRINGING DOWN THIS BIRD OF PREY...

THE HOME OF JOHN REED, WEALTHY BROOKLYNMAN



HAWKINS!
WHAT'S THIS??

AN OLD FELLOW
GAVE IT TO ME AND
LEFT... HE SAID IT
WAS FOR YOU, SIR!



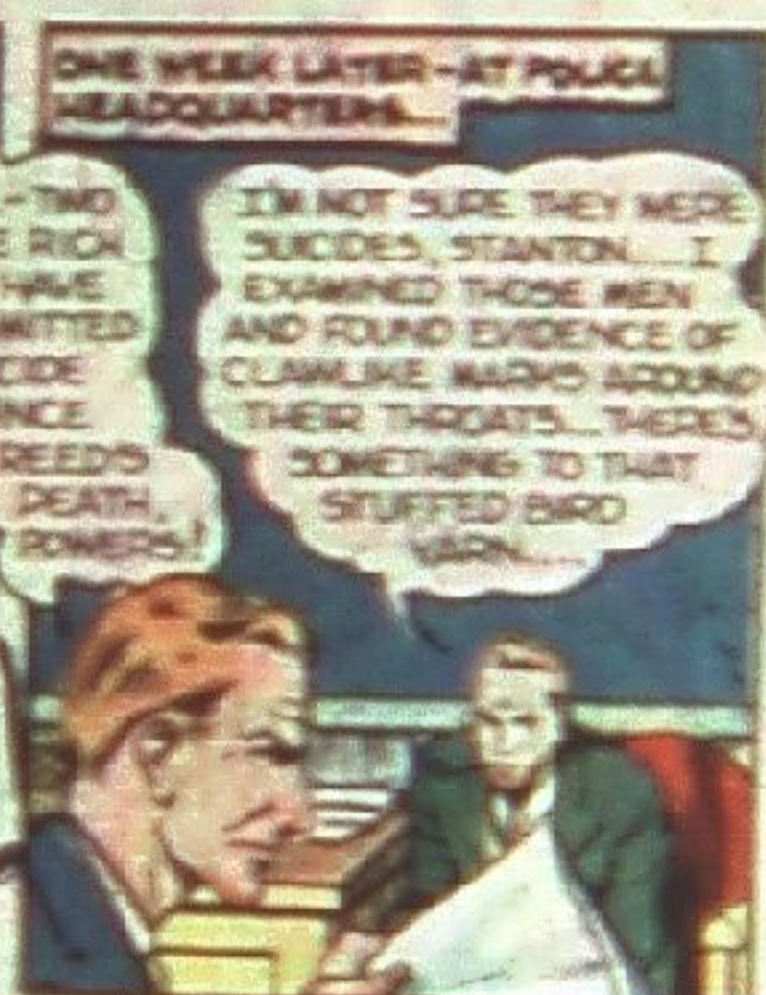
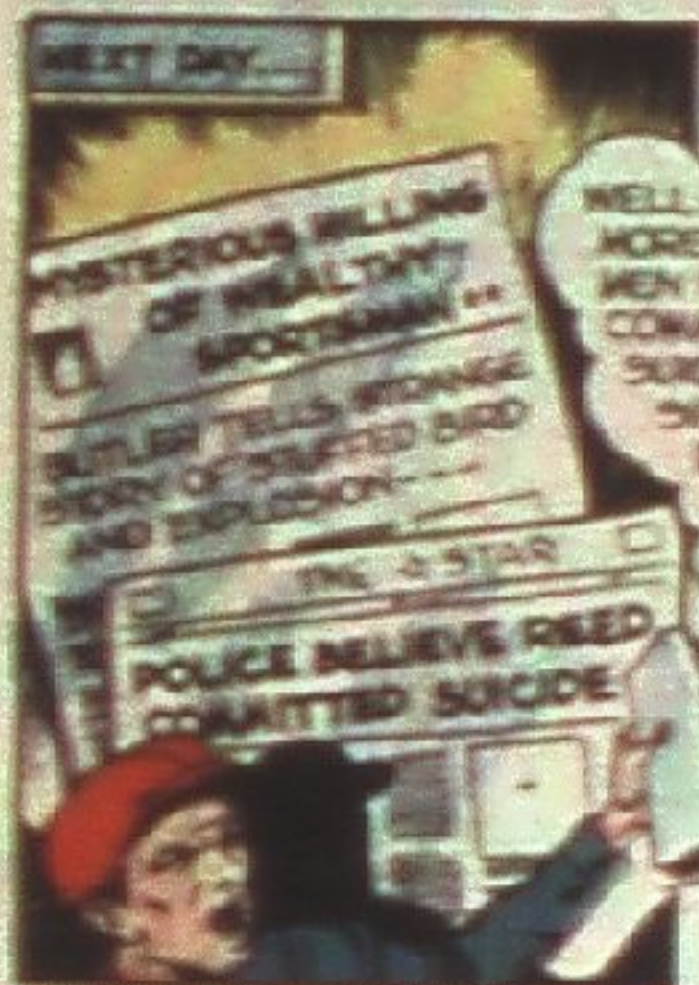
GREAT SCOTT!
IT'S A STUFFED
VULTURE WITH
EYES OF BLAZING
FIRE...



SUDDENLY THE FEARFUL BIRD
SCREAMS

WHAT
TH-!!

JOHN REED, YOU
WILL GIVE HALF
A MILLION DOLLARS
TO THE CRIMSON
VULTURE OR DIE!!



BEFORE BLAKE CAN RECOVER,
MADAM FATAL GOES INTO ACTION.



AS THE VULTURE FLIES OUT THE
WINDOW, IT EXPLODES.



LOOK! A MAN WAS
HIDING OUT
HERE--THE
EXPLOSION
GOT HIM!

WE
MAY HAVE
A CLUE!



CHEE LADY--
HOW DID
YU KNOW
DAT THING
WAS GONNA
BLOW UP--
THE BOSSILL
UGH--

HE'S DEAD,
BLAKE--KILLED
BY THE THING
WHICH WAS
MEANT FOR
US!



BUT AS NELLIE WANDERS AWAY
FROM HER FATHER AND MADAM
FATAL...

GOT
HER!

DADDY!

LET'S
GO
PUG!



IT'S
NELLIE!

TWO THINGS
ARE CARRYING
HER AWAY...
C'MON, MADAM
FATAL!



AT THIS MOMENT DETECTIVE JIM
POWERS WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING
THE BLAKE HOME, CAME ON THE
SCENE...

GOOD BOSS!
THEY'VE
GOT
NELLIE
BLAKE!





THERE THEY GO! THEY TOOK THAT OTHER FELLOW WITH THEM!

THAT WAS DETECTIVE POWERS - THE CRIMSON VULTURE MENTIONED SWAN LAKE! SOMETHING TELLS ME THEIR HIDEOUT MUST BE NEAR THERE!



THERE'S SWAN LAKE - WHAT NOW?

LOOK! THAT OLD DILAPIDATED HOUSE ON THE WATERFRONT... IT'S JUST A HUNCH! BUT LET'S GO!



AS THEY APPROACH THE HOUSE...

IT'S THE RICH BLOKE AND TH' OL' LADY! GRAB 'EM!

OH OH-!!



DON'T GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT, BLAKE! NELLIE'S IN THERE!

RIGHT!



BUT THE MEN ARE TOO STRONG FOR THEM...



THEY ARE TAKEN TO THE OLD HOUSE AND LED DOWNSTAIRS...

NOBODY'LL FIND YA DOWN THIS CELLAR... HA-HA!



GREAT SCOTT! THE LAIR OF THE CRIMSON VULTURE!!!



COME IN! SO - THIS OLD LADY HAS BEEN GIVING YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE, EH BOYS!



PERHAPS YOU WILL REMEMBER BARADA THE MECHANICAL GENIUS WHO WAS AN EX-CONVICT - I SWORE I'D GET REVENGE WHEN I GOT OUT! HERE YOU WILL SEE MY TOY WHICH WILL BLOW UP ALL THOSE WHO REFUSE TO OBEY!

YOU SEE, THE CRIMSON VULTURE IS HOLLOW AND EQUIPPED WITH A LOUDSPEAKER THROUGH WHICH I SPEAK TO MY VICTIMS BY SHORT WAVE.... WHEN I PRESS ONE OF THESE BUTTONS THEY EXPLODE AND LEAVE NO TRACE... CLEVER, EH?



THE DETECTIVE AND OLD LADY WILL BE KILLED - WITH BLAKE'S MONEY I SHALL BUILD BIGGER VULTURES AND TERRORIZE THE WHOLE CITY!



WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS. THE MAN'S STARK MAD!

EASY TO SAY POWERS! BUT WAIT - I'VE GOT AN IDEA - IT'S ONLY A CHANCE BUT....



SUDDENLY MADAM FATAL LEAPS AT THE KEYBOARD...



A MOMENT LATER THE GIANTIC CRIMSON VULTURE SEEMINGLY COMES TO LIFE AND MOVES TOWARD SARADA AND HIS MEN....



QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE. THAT BIRD'LL BLOW UP ANY SECOND!



AS THEY REACH A NEARBY HILL A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE EARTH...



THAT'S THE END OF SARADA AND THE CRIMSON VULTURE!

WHEN! WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE FOR ALL OF US!

GEE! MADAM FATAL DOES GREAT THINGS FOR AN OLD LADY, DADDY!

HEH! AND LOTS OF THINGS AN OLD LADY CAN NEVER DO!



OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.

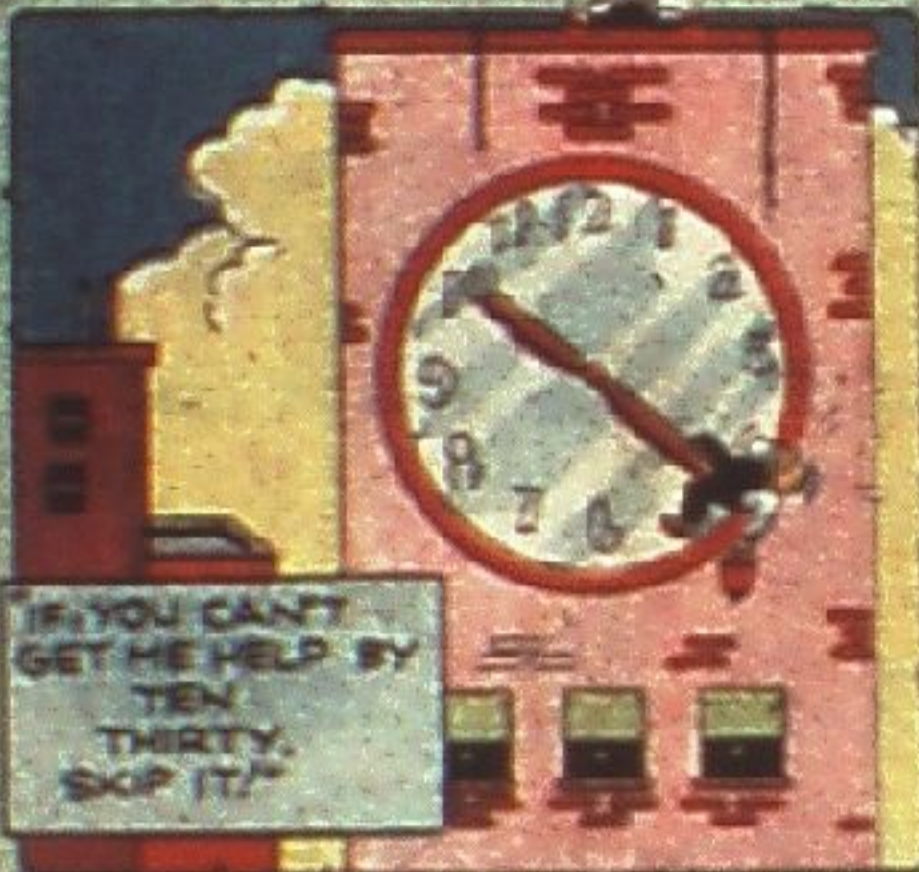
BETTER GET A
BROOM, POP, YOU
CAN'T CLEAN
IT UP WITH
A
HAIRBRUSH



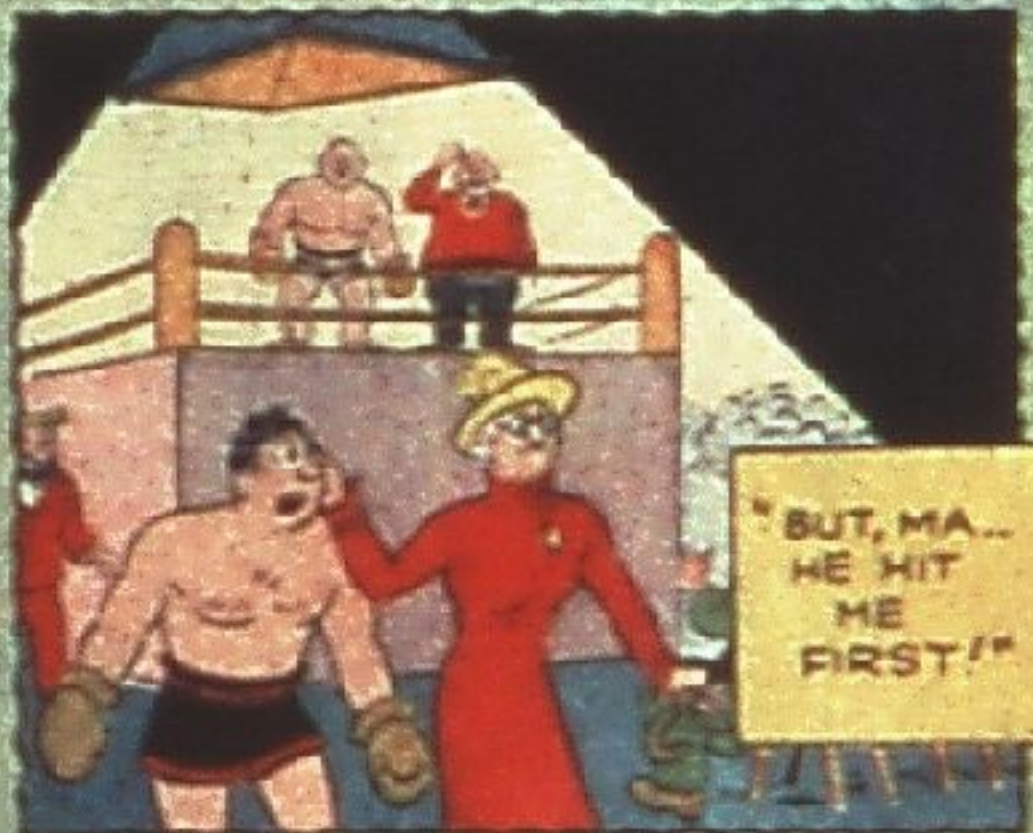
"BOSS, DO I CLEAN THIS FUNNY
THING OUT TOO...IT LOOKS LIKE
A MAN!"



"IF YOU CAN'T
GET HE HELP BY
TEN
THIRTY,
SKIP IT!"



"BUT, MA...
HE HIT
ME
FIRST!"



"THE EDITOR IS
BUSY CONDENSING
YOUR NOVEL TO A
SHORT STORY, MR.
HYATT!"



"BUT,
DARLING...
THIS BLUE SUIT PICKS
UP ALMOST
EVERYTHING!"



SNAPPY

OKAY!
WE'RE ALL
READY -
LET'S GO!



More of Snappy in the September issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale July 16th.

The

ELDER

by
GEORGE
E. BRENNER

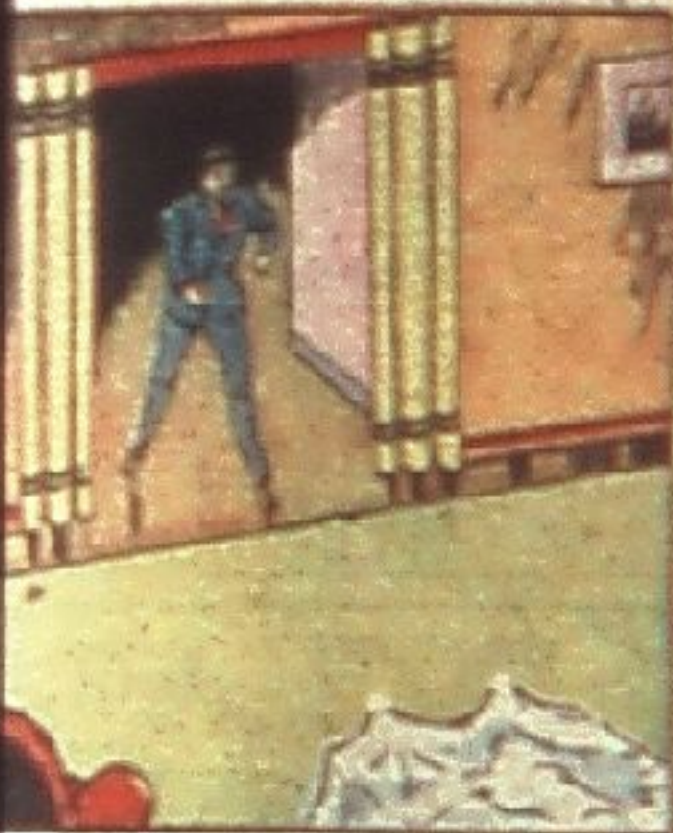
A POLICE SIREN SCREAMS A WARNING, AS CAPTAIN KANE'S CAR SPEEDS THROUGH THE STREETS—



AND CAPTAIN KANE RUSHES TO THE APARTMENT OF THE DEAD PUBLISHER—



AND INTO THE ROOM WHERE
THE CORONER IS PERFORMING
AN AUTOPSY---



THE STEEL-LIKE ARMS
OF THE ARMORED CAPTAIN
SHUDDER AT THE SHOT BEFORE
LIGHT---

UGH!-IT-IT'S
UNBELIEVABLE-



HOW ANYONE COULD MUTILATE
A VICTIM TO THAT EXTENT--
IT'S THE WORK OF A
MANIAC!



NOT THE
WORK OF A
MANIAC,
CAPTAIN-

THEN
WHAT,
MR. CORONER?

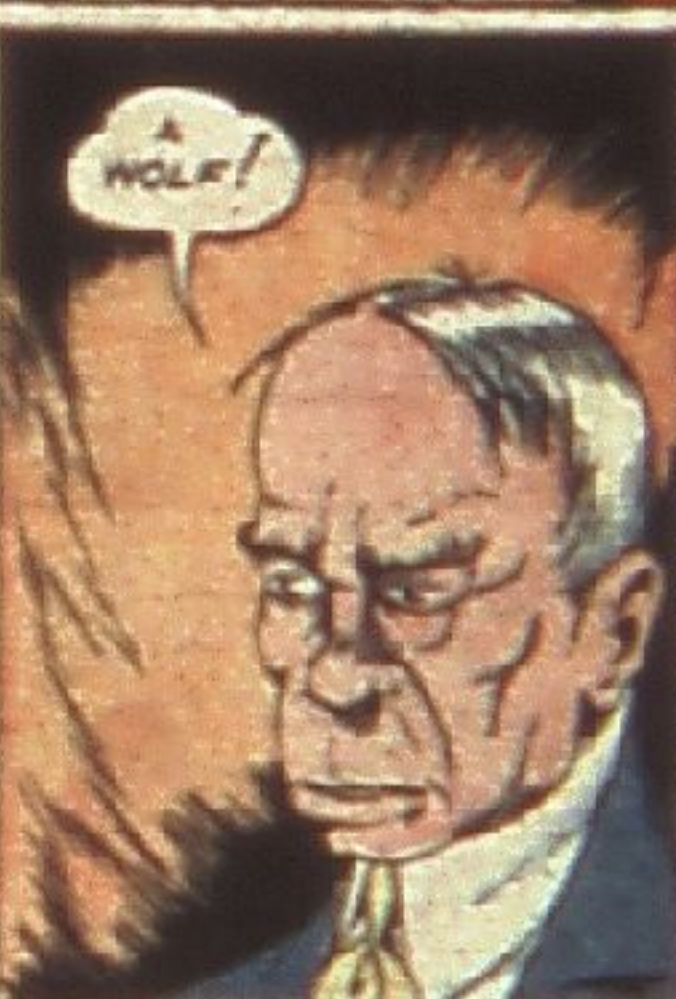


GAD, MAY-GET
SPECIFIC, WHAT KIND
OF AN ANIMAL!

AN
ANIMAL!



A
WOLF!



A
WOLF?

YES-TEETH AND
CLAW MARKS
BEAR OUT MY
THEORY!



MR. CORONER, A WOLF
CAN'T OPEN A SAFE AND STEAL
MONEY AND
GEMS!

TRUE,
CAPTAIN-



BUT WHETHER THE
MOTIVE WAS ROBBERY OR
NOT, **BOLTON WAS
KILLED BY A
WOLF!**



AND FOR THE
NEXT TWO WEEKS,
A SERIES
OF MURDERS
COMMITTED BY
A WOLF
PUTS THE
POLICE
DEPARTMENT
AT THE MERCY
OF THE
PRESS-

HAD WOLF CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM.
A. B. CEDDER, THE EVENING STAR'S
LARGEST STOCKHOLDER IS THE
WOLF'S 6TH VICTIM.

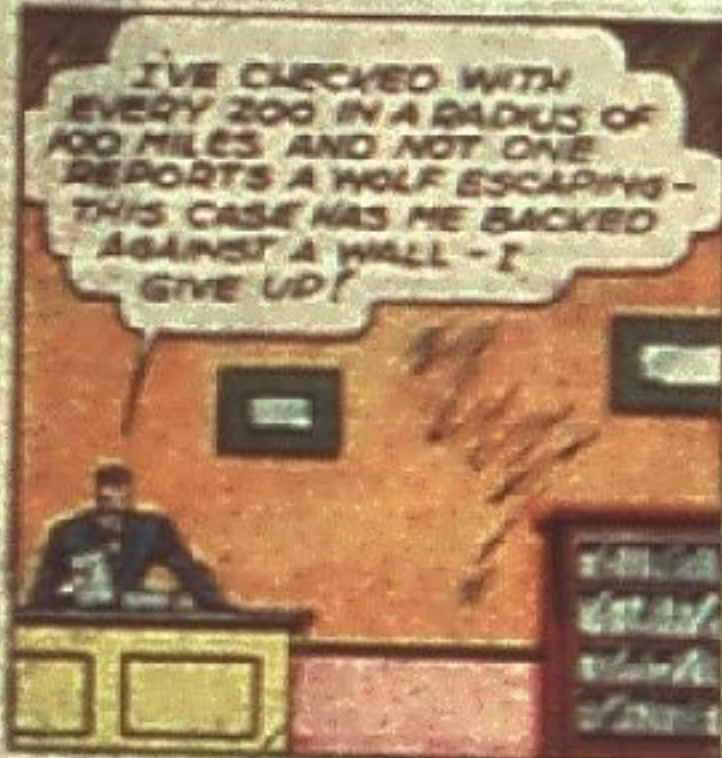
THE SLACK EFFICIENCY OF THE POLICE
DEPARTMENT MAKES THIS CITY RESEMBLE
A JUNGLE IN DARKEST AFRICA.

MAJOR BOOGIE AT THE REQUEST OF
THE PEOPLE, DEMANDS ACTION IN 24 HOURS
OR THE DEPARTMENT WILL SUFFER A
DRASTIC SHAKE-UP!

THE PRESS AND THE MURDER-
THEY BOTH MAKE ME SICK.
MY MEN HAVE BEEN WORKING
24 HOUR SHIFTS SINCE
BOLTON'S DEATH!



I'VE CHECKED WITH
EVERY ZOO IN A RADIUS OF
100 MILES AND NOT ONE
REPORTS A WOLF ESCAPING-
THIS CASE HAS ME BACKED
AGAINST A WALL - I
GIVE UP!



AND IN THE HOME OF BORN
O'BRIEN, ALIAS THE CLOCK!

PUG. IN ALL MY CAREER, I'VE
NEVER BEEN FACED WITH
ANYTHING LIKE THIS -
I'M STUNPED!

YOU AND ME
BOTH,
BOSS-



AND AT THE RATE THIS
THING IS KILLING PEOPLE,
HE OUGHT TO BE A
PRETTY WEADY
WOLF BY NOW!



PUG-YOU'VE
HIT IT!

WHAT
IS IT?

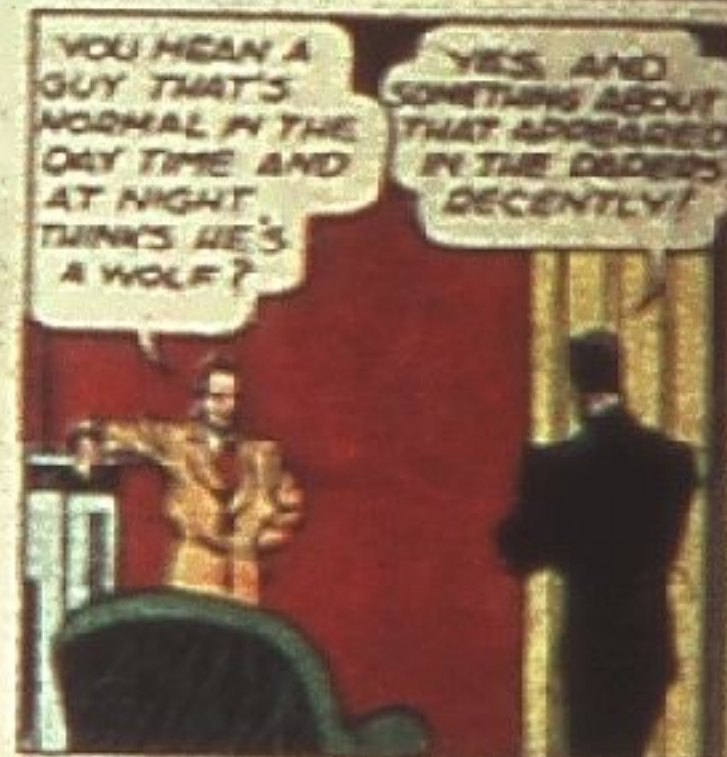


YES, NOT THE LOOK
OF A WEADY WOLF, BUT
A WEREWOLF!!



YOU MEAN A
GUY THAT'S
NORMAL IN THE
DAY TIME AND
AT NIGHT
THINKS HE'S
A WOLF?

YES, AND
SOMETHING ABOUT
THAT APPEARED
IN THE PAPERS
RECENTLY!



GO INTO OUR FILES AND
BRING OUT EVERY NEWS-
PAPER FOR THE LAST MONTH-
AND HURRY!



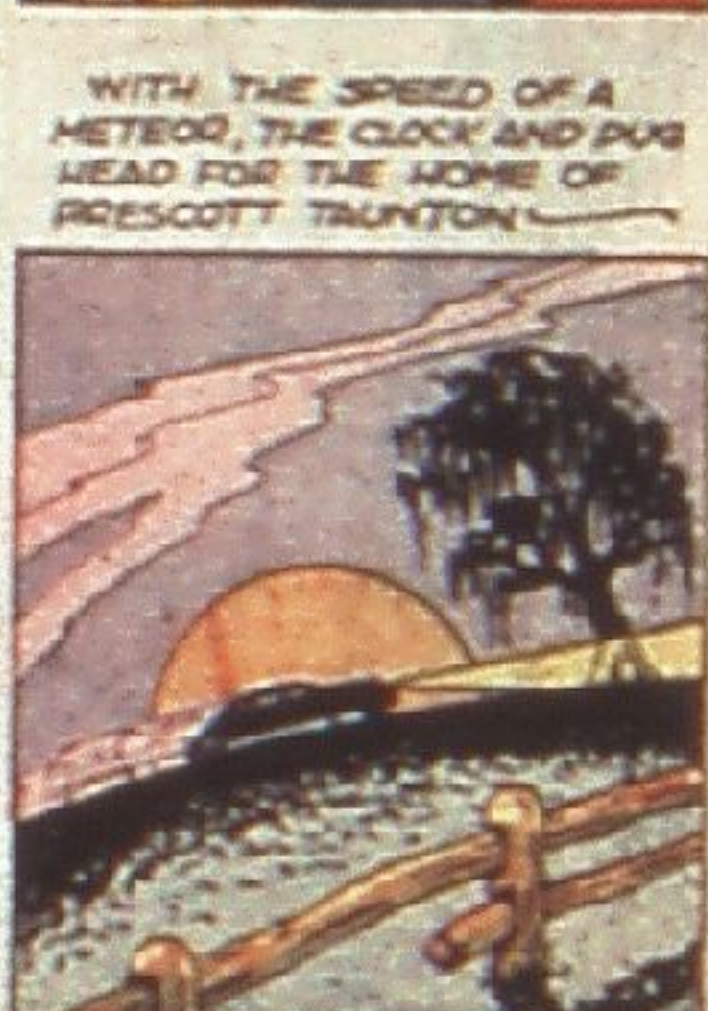
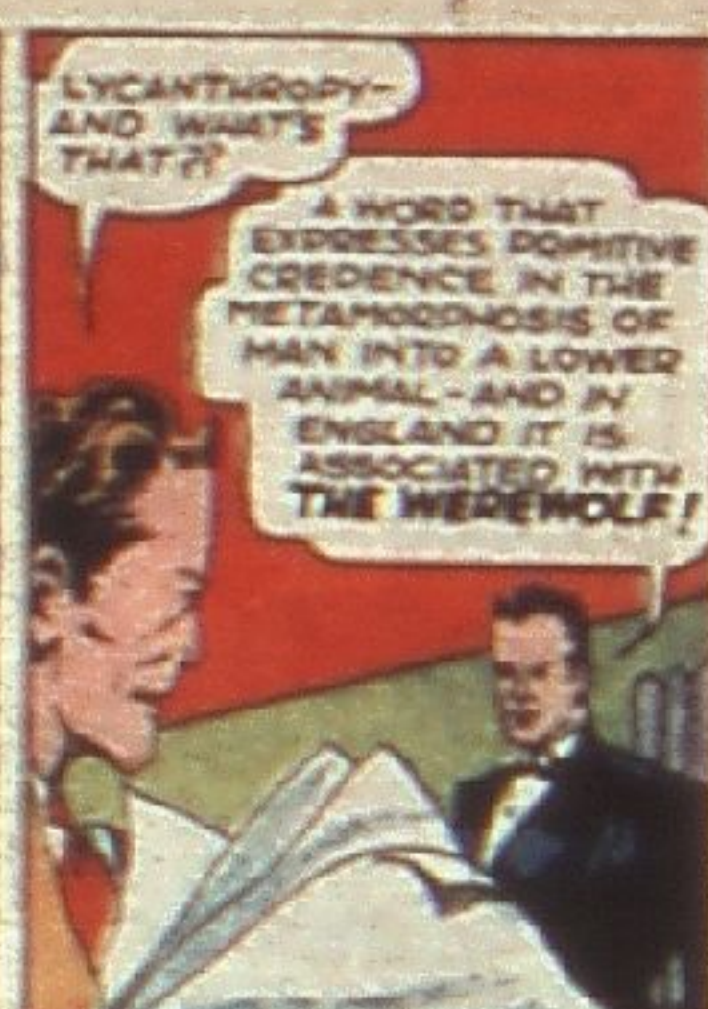
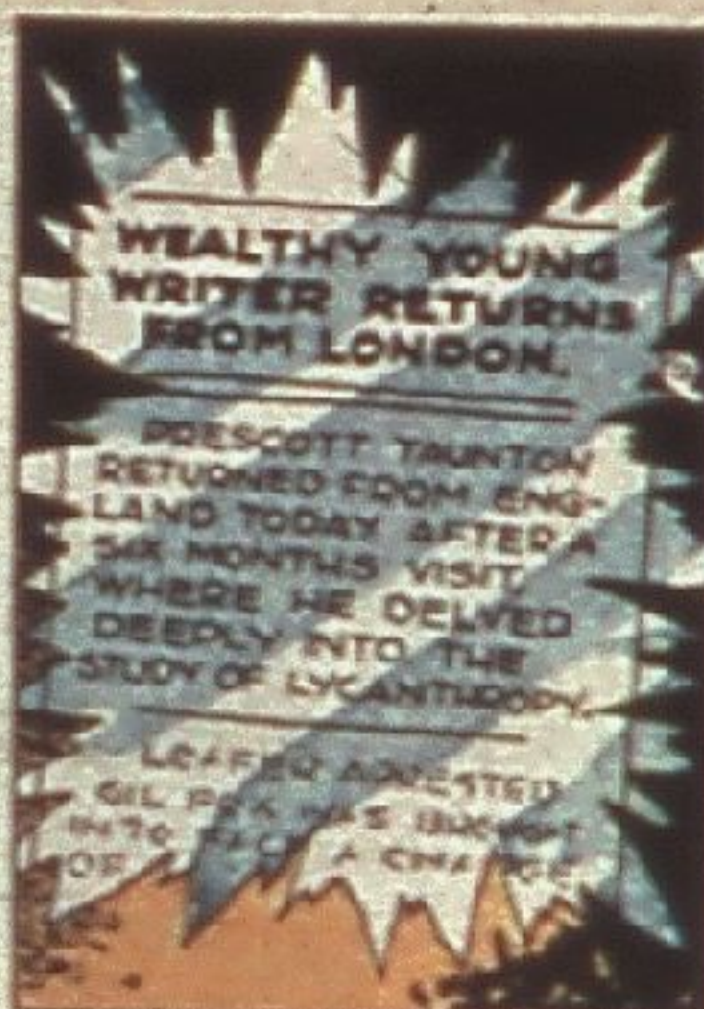
HERE THEY
ARE, BOSS!

GOOD - WE'LL
BOTH START LOOKING
FOR ANYTHING
THAT MENTIONS
THE WORD
WEREWOLF!



AND THE SHARP EYES OF THE
CLOCK AND PUG SEARCH PAPER
AFTER PAPER--









THIS'LL PROVE
YOU CAN'T BEAT
THE WEREWOLF—
NOBODY
CAN!



YOU'LL
NEVER
GET ME!



DOWN, DOWN FALLS THE
CLOCK...



NO?



MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS,
PUE GROWS ANXIOUS...



IT'S ABOUT TIME
I GOT IN ON
THE FUN!



IS FALL IS FINALLY BROKEN STRAYLINGING



TAKE A TIP FROM A NAVY TORPEDO



SPEED

To maintain their fast cruising speed of over 340 m.p.h., U. S. Navy's torpedo bombers must deliver maximum power per pound of weight. Remember this when you buy bike tires. Get the U. S. Royal Rider. Its stronger, lighter-weight Rayon construction means more speed for you.



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Diving at terrific speed... releasing torpedoes point-blank a few feet above the sea... these planes must have perfect control and maneuverability. In U. S. Royal Riders, 7 riding ribs plus 2 traction ribs control skids, assure quick stops on wet roads or dry.



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Stress and strain from heavy loads, quick dives and pull-outs call for the strongest yet lightest metal construction. Rayon Cord in Royal Rider Tires give you this same kind of lightweight strength the Navy builds into torpedo planes.



If you want to see something you won't forget in a month of Sundays, examine this new Royal Rider at your U. S. Bike Tire Dealer's. See all its unique performance features. Then, when you're ready for new tires, buy U. S. Royal Rider—the tire that's built like a fighter plane.

UNITED STATES

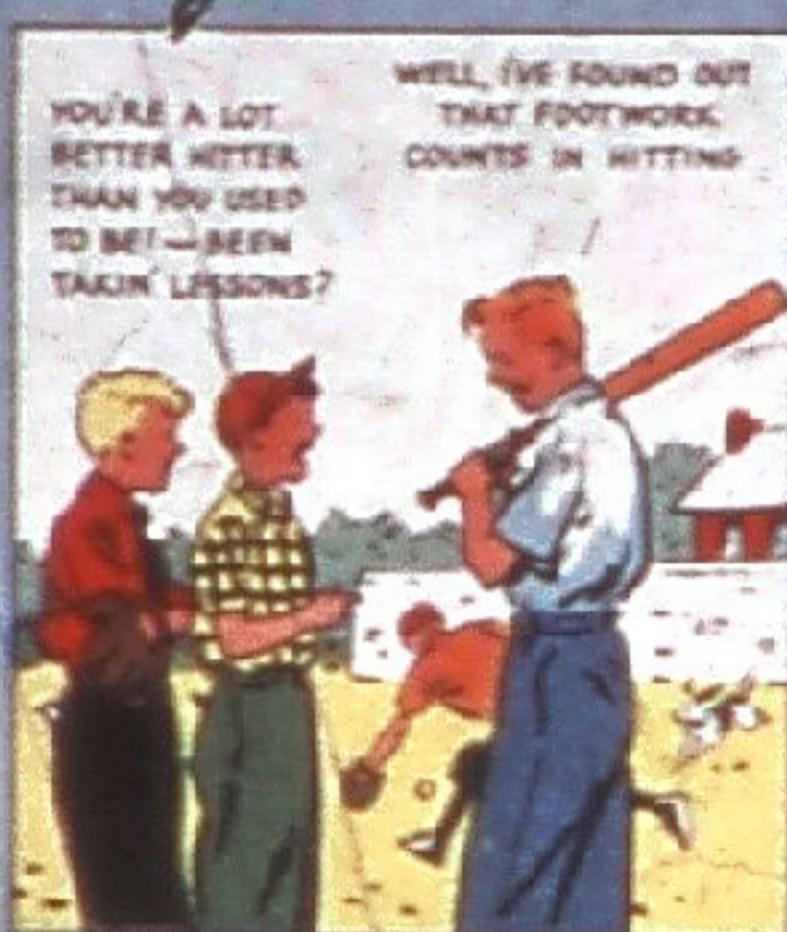
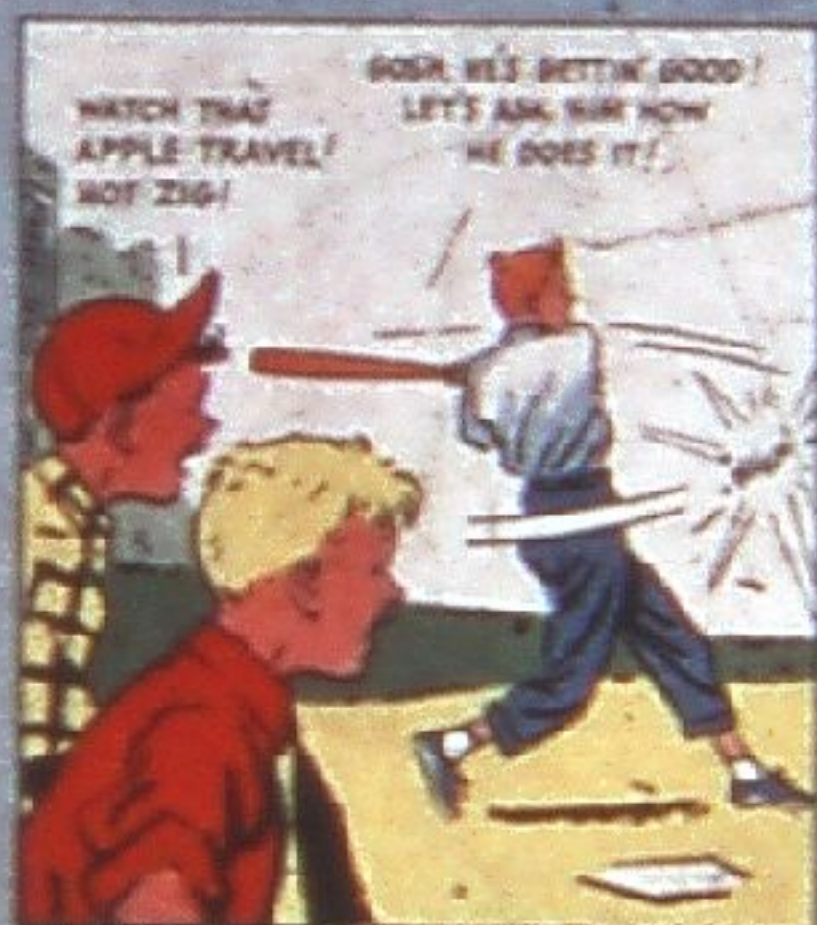
348 East Georgia Street



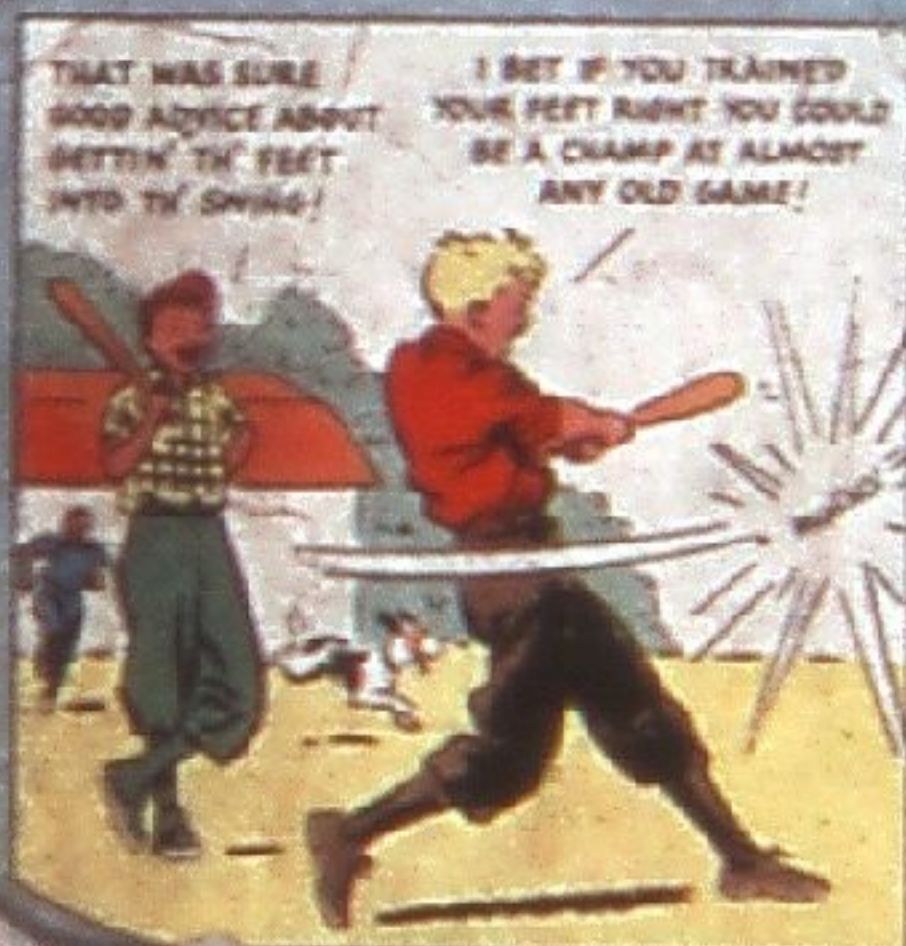
RUBBER COMPANY

Indianapolis, Indiana

Train Your Feet for Active Sports



Keds All Sport model



"You Don't Have To Sit in the Stands Unless You Want To,"
says **FRANK LEAHY**

When a friend of mine made this remark to his son, the boy turned to me to ask, "Mr. Leahy, is that true?" Before answering, I thought back a few years to teams I had played on, teams I had coached. I thought of star linemen who were short on weight, but long on courage—of slender boys weaving their way through broken fields for touchdowns. Yet most people thought them too small, too slight to play in varsity games. Then I answered the boy: "Your dad is correct, 100%. You can learn to do some one thing well enough to give you a chance to play rather than watch from the bench."

Giving all boys a chance to become active in sports was the reason I accepted the position as head of the Keds Sports Department six years ago. Naturally, I've long been interested in helping boys develop better footwork. I am now writing a book on football. It will not be for the varsity man, but for you young chaps who are eager to become first stringers some day. If you would like to have a copy when it is ready, send your name and address to Keds Department CM, United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Frank Leahy



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